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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ALTHOUGH the United States is not a party to the League of Nations, the latter is already a working institution; and few are better qualified than Professor Gilbert Murray to give us a sympathetic and intelligent account of the tasks immediately before it. Naturally, we cannot assume that the British Government will be as ready as this eminent representative of Liberalism to submit all the problems he mentions to super-national adjudication.

If the League does deal successfully with questions as supremely important as those here suggested, its achievements will have a profound effect upon our American attitude toward that body; indeed, a desire to insure our joining may figure among the influences favoring the successful cooperation of the Great Powers during the first year of its existence.

Already several of the smaller nations have taken measures toward joining the League — although in none of these countries has sentiment been unanimously in favor of such action. Switzerland is submitting the question to a popular vote, having secured certain reservations, the most important of which guarantees that country's neutrality. The principal objection the Swiss now see to joining is the obligation to share in the economic blockade of a recalcitrant country. In Holland, Parliament has voted in favor of becoming a member. Public opinion in both of these countries has been influenced by a fear of political isolation in case they were surrounded entirely by governments that were League members.

In Northern Europe, the situation is somewhat different, inasmuch as the three Scandinavian countries and Finland form a continuous geographical area of sufficient extent to act with considerable independence. The premiers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark agreed at a conference at Christiania to recommend action in favor of the League, in which their respective Parliaments have concurred. Denmark was influenced by the Schleswig-Holstein question, because the Danes consider that the League will afford them protection should Germany ever attempt to recover the district it has lost by the recent Schleswig plebiscite. In Sweden only the Majority Socialists — who are the strongest party in Parliament — were in favor of joining without reservations. The other parties advocated guaranties insuring a recognition of Sweden's neutrality and the

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admission of Germany and Russia to the League. Considerable sentiment also existed in that country in favor of postponing a decision until Sweden's claim to the Aland Islands is settled. Norwegian opinion is reported to be adverse to the League in principle; but it is universally recognized that for Norway to remain outside of that organization with the other Scandinavian countries members, would be a political impossibility. One gathers the impression from reviewing the press of the former neutral nations that they are entering the League without enthusiasm and under a feeling of political compulsion. Communists and other extreme radicals in all the European countries are opposed to the League, as it represents to them capitalist internationalism, which they consider a deadly enemy of socialist internationalism.

THE article we publish upon the revival of religious life in Russia, in defiance of the oppression of a purely materialist government, is part of a longer article by Prince Troubetzkoy, professor of law in the University of Moscow, which was seriously mutilated in the course of transmission, and was published as completely as the defective manuscript permitted in the *Hibbert Journal*. The paragraphs we print are the most complete and least conjectural, but even in these it will be noted that several bracketed words have been supplied by the editors where the manuscript was illegible.

In spite of the military successes of the Bolsheviki — and perhaps on account of them — domestic opposition to their rule is said to be gaining ground. Effective anti-Bolshevist organization within Russia itself, according to these reports, has been paralyzed hitherto by the fact that counter-revolutionary military operations supported by foreign governments seemed to threaten the independence of the country, and caused many who ordinarily would have opposed more actively the present régime to join the ranks of its supporters.

A new group is now said to be organizing in Russia, which plans carefully to avoid political antagonism to the existing government, but to promote an educational campaign against Bolshevist social theories. Among other functions of this organization will be that of affording relief to the victims of Bolshevism.

DIPLOMATIC relations between Berlin and Moscow have been resumed twice since they were interrupted by the World War. The first time was after the conclusion of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk in the spring of 1918. These relations were practically terminated, so far as Germany was concerned, by the assassination of Graf Mirbach a few months later, although Von Helfferich made a brief visit to Moscow, and continued thereafter to represent German interests in Russia from points nearer the border.

Shortly after the German revolution, the Bolshevist ambassador in Berlin was detected supplying literature and funds to the Spartacan insurgents, who were trying to overthrow the very government to which he was accredited. This led to his expulsion from the country by the Berlin authorities. Since then, Moscow has kept political agents in Germany, although they have not been officially recognized there, and in some instances have been imprisoned.

The present negotiations between Berlin and Moscow, though nominally for repatriating German war prisoners in Siberia, seem likely to conclude with arrangements for a resumption of commerce between the two coun-

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tries. Indeed, Germany is already agitated over the alleged interference of the Polish authorities with the transport of German goods eastward *via* Danzig which is guaranteed by the peace treaty.

Meanwhile, the news we receive regarding supplies in Russia continues to be a tissue of contradictions. According to a recent copy of *Il Giornale D'Italia*, a journal very close to the government at Rome, an Italian manufacturer who recently returned from a part of Southern Russia now occupied by the Soviet troops, reports:

> In the South of Russia grain is abundant in spite of everything. The crop of 1919 was remarkably good. It has not been equaled in the memory of man. Thanks to constant rains from the middle of March to the end of June, the harvests were miraculously heavy. It was not unusual to get three hundred poods of barley and two hundred poods of wheat a dessiatine [say forty or fifty bushels of wheat per acre]. Considering the backwardness of agriculture and the way the peasants neglect their fields, these are most remarkable figures. According to this gentleman's observations and other information which has reached us, although seventy per cent of the land remained untilled, the crop totals were exceptional.
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> The principal difficulty is to get the grain away from the peasants. Even the local townspeople are suffering hunger because the cultivators will not take the worthless money for their crops, and there is nothing else to barter for them. Transportation is also lacking; the railways are in ruins, their equipment out of order, the service disorganized; there are very few highways and they are in the worst possible condition. Last of all, the river fleet is reduced to the vanishing point. But the grain is there, and if there were some powerful commercial enterprise able to deliver to the countrymen in their homes, ready-made clothing, implements, and tools, it would be possible not only to supply the famished population of the Russian cities, but also to provide a quantity for export. The Coöperatives will be able to do a good deal in this direction.

FOLLOWING Great Britain, Italy, and France, Spain is in its turn facing a serious conflict with its railway workers. A project for nationalizing the numerous private companies that now own the poorly operated railways of that country has long been mooted. It has been a pet proposal with La Cierva, one of the prominent faction leaders of the Conservative party. But the paralysis that is preventing effective parliamentary labor — due primarily to the subordination of the public weal and of party policies to personal rivalries among rival politicians — has hitherto prevented action upon this subject. Out of the confusion that has ensued from the breaking up of the old Conservative and Liberal parties into minor groups, the Socialists are drawing strength.

Their minimum programme, of which we publish a résumé this week, calls for very radical agrarian reforms. The Socialist newspapers of Spain are giving much attention to that subject. In many parts of that country, according to their accounts, the people who till the soil, move about from season to season, from one great estate to another, where they live in overcrowded barracks. Indeed, there are parts of Spain where agricultural labor is recruited and administered very much as it is on the beet sugar estates, fruit ranches, and hop farms of our own Far West, where I. W. W. doctrines thrive. It is very doubtful whether the minimum programme here outlined would be considered adequate by more than a very small group representing the more conservative and intellectual wing of the Spanish Socialist party.

In Italy, the general programme adopted by the Socialist delegates in Parliament, falls into three general heads: Socialization of large industries and great landed estates beginning with those 'ripest for socialization,' without wasting energy upon political experiments or 'petty bourgeois schemes'; a radical and immediate

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amplification of public relief measures to provide against unemployment, invalidity, and old age, and the abolition of class privileges in the schools; and immediate and radical measures drafting heavily upon private wealth to alleviate the condition of the proletariat and particularly to reduce the cost of living and the scarcity of dwellings.

It is significant that in Italy also the Socialists appear to be concentrating much propaganda upon rural laborers.

At present the wages of farm hands in Northern Italy are reported to be one lire an hour for men employed throughout the year, and one and sixty-five hundredths lire for men engaged only during the crop season. It is estimated that on account of lost time the maximum income of a farm employee engaged at these rates averages about six lire (one dollar and twenty cents at par exchange) per day. Women, old men, and children receive lower rates. The labor organizations are agitating for a minimum wage equivalent to seven hundred and twenty dollars a year for men and four hundred dollars for women.

WHILE it seems likely at the present writing that the Spartacan uprising in Germany will eventually be suppressed or compromised, we need constantly to bear in mind that these insurgents are closer than any other group in the former Empire to the Socialists of France, Italy, and Spain. They are the ones who opposed the war in Germany, or at least they have the credit for so doing. They have made the frankest admission of Germany's war guilt. They give their allegiance — as do a majority of the French, Italian, and Spanish Socialists — to Moscow. Although the less extreme of the two radical wings of the French Socialists kept control of the party machinery at the Strassburg Convention, the Red leader, Loriot, who has been designated by Lenin as his representative in France, has firm control of what is the second most powerful section of the party, and is a majority group in the Paris district. Notwithstanding the fact that the Socialists were badly beaten in the last parliamentary election, they cast one million five hundred and seventy-six thousand votes in the Seine departments alone. Loriot is regarded indeed as the coming figure in French Socialism, because the present drift within the party is in his direction. Though of but moderate intellectual ability, he is described as a magnetic and fluent speaker and a man of boundless energy and will power.

At the Strassburg Congress Renaudel, the leader of the Conservative Socialists,—those who supported the war and for that reason are now discredited by their opponents as traitors to the class struggle, together with the Majority or pro-war Socialists in Germany and Austria,—read from a letter addressed by Lenin and Zinovief to their French comrades, the statement that: 'The first duty of true Socialists is to destroy their own national governments,' and asked how many of those present endorsed it. After a moment of dead silence the deep voice of Loriot broke the stillness with 'I do.'

The sessions of this Congress were speedily concluded because the delegates feared they might be prevented from reaching home by the general railway strike already proclaimed.

DR. PAUL NATHAN, a prominent Jewish leader in Germany, describes in a recent article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the work of the Red Cross among the Pogrom sufferers in the Ukraine. Practically the entire

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population of considerable towns inhabited mainly by Jews has been killed or dispersed. The asylums for homeless children already established have more than twelve thousand inmates, most of whom have been orphaned during the recent persecutions. Bolshevist, Polish, and Ukrainian troops ravaged the country in succession, only to be succeeded by Denikin's forces, which, in Dr. Nathan's words,

seem to have been guilty of the worst barbarities and to have inflicted their atrocities most impartially upon every class of the population. Under Denikin's protection an organization was founded, known locally as 'The League for Exterminating the Jews.' This league embraced all the monarchists and the rabble that had been pillaging under monarchist direction. They made no pretense of confining themselves to political executions. . . . In addition, General Denikin made the murder of Jews a government activity. He established military tribunals to hear cases against persons accused of having assisted the Bolsheviki. During the seventy-six days between August 1 and October 15, 1919, of the people condemned by his tribunals, eighty-seven per cent were Jews and thirteen per cent Christians. Of the Jews, everyone without a single exception was sentenced to death. Of the Christians, less than three per cent were condemned to death.

THE Leipzig Sample Fair was just closing when the reactionary revolt occurred in Berlin. American exhibitors participated in the Shoe and Leather Exhibition. The cheapest American shoes cost at present exchange, 600 marks per pair; better grades cost two or three times that amount. Nevertheless, it is reported, our dealers received orders for all the goods they would promise to deliver.

A German typewriter company sold a laboriously accumulated stock at prices reaching 8000 marks for a machine. More than 15,000 foreign visitors and exhibitors were reported present. These included buyers from the Argentine, Chile, Peru, Mexico, and Canada, as well as the United States. Prices were not permitted to stand in the way of purchasing. Foreign buyers had to pay increments of 200 and 300 per cent upon domestic prices, in order to compensate for possible losses in exchange. Nevertheless, they are said to have bought freely, finding goods even at these rates cheaper than in competing countries. Among the wares most prominently exhibited were household and cooking utensils; porcelain and glass ware; articles of wood, leather, rubber, cork, and celluloid; soaps and perfumeries; optical instruments, musical instruments, paper goods of every kind, textiles, and office furniture. The substitute wares, so prominent at the fairs held during the war period, were much less numerous than formerly.

AMONG the changes in Church organization that are accompanying the changes in political organization, now occurring in Europe, is the formation of a South Slav Evangelical Church, with about four hundred and eighty thousand members. A majority of these are Protestant German colonists, mostly from Swabia, who settled in Serbia back in the days of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. There are also one hundred thousand or more Slav Lutherans and members of other Protestant denominations within the territories of the new South Slav Government, who also plan to join the new church organization.

UNLESS the present revolution in Germany has interfered with the execution of the law, the railways of that country, which hitherto have been operated by the Federal States, were transferred to the Central Government on April 1, together with all their ancillary enterprises, such as steamship lines, auto-truck lines, and harbor works.

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The National Government will operate the railways henceforth as a single system.

ACCORDING to *Heraldo de Madrid*, the old controversy between the partisans of local autonomy and the supporters of centralized government has just come to the surface again in a novel debate over the regulation of gambling. Gambling houses are a source of local revenue, the funds thus derived ordinarily going to support public charities. It is now proposed to place such funds under the charge of the central government, and a motion has been made to appoint a parliamentary committee to investigate this measure.

AMONG the numerous proposals for reviving the spirit of industry among German working people, increasing production, and restoring national solvency, is the novel plan of appealing to the patriotism of the workers to contribute one hour's labor a day to the state.

A Captain Schmude, has organized a Workingmen's Coöperative Settlement in the Helmstadt coal and potash district. Gathering together a large number of unemployed, he put them to work in his lignite mines under an agreement by which a bonus on their wages is to be devoted to purchasing the property. Several thousand men are reported to have joined the undertaking.

SINCE the outbreak of the war, Belgium's public debt has increased from less than a billion dollars to nearly four billion dollars. The real result of this year's budget remains obscure because of the uncertainty regarding payments to be made Belgium under the Versailles Treaty. Commenting upon the general condition of the country, *Vossische Zeitung* says: 'There is no doubt but what the economic standing, and with it the financial standing, of Belgium is improving relatively faster than that of any other Entente country on the Continent.'

[*Land and Water* (Popular Liberal Weekly), *February 19–26*]

HOW TO USE THE LEAGUE

BY PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

UP to a few weeks ago believers in the League of Nations preached, practically speaking, a creed with one article — that a League of Nations ought to exist.

Now that the League has come into being the issue is changed. The nations must have a policy with regard to the League, and the League itself must have a policy in world affairs. And the believers in the League, including such bodies as the League of Nations Union, must begin to think clearly what that policy is.

For the true believer the first steps are sufficiently clear. The machinery of the League must be completed. Only the Secretariat, the Council, and

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the Labor Conference have so far come into being. The League has not yet a fixed home, though the decision to settle in Geneva still stands. The Assembly has not yet met. The various International Commissions on such subjects as armaments, mandates, the control of anti-social trades, the freedom of legitimate commerce, and the protection of public health have not yet been constituted, and no steps have been taken for the establishment of the International Court.

All this must be done. The machinery of the League must be completed, and as it is completed must be used. I do not see what other policy is possible to those who genuinely believe in the principles of the League as the only means of preventing a repetition of 1914 and preserving the world order from collapse. Yet the policy involved is a bold one, and will probably reveal differences of opinion among those who have hitherto worked together for the establishment of the League.

Some people, I fear, will have lost their faith in the League owing to recent events in America, and will argue that without America the League cannot safely be used at all. As to that, one can only say that if America, followed by a number of neutrals, does eventually refuse to take any part in the League, the situation will be very serious, and it may be impossible to set up any body which shall be truly impartial and international. But I am still assuming that, whatever reservations may be made, America will be a member of the Council, and will take a due share in the direction of the international agencies which the League is to set up.

A commoner opinion will be that the world is not yet ready for the League, or at any rate not for a real League. It has not yet been pacified. The war has merely broken up into scattered centres of disturbance. Apart from the actual war in Russia, there are countless regions where order is precarious and soldiers, especially British or American soldiers, would be worth their weight in gold. 'It is no time,' such critics will say, 'to start the untried machinery of the League of Nations with its bias toward internationalism and disarmament. It is a time for strenuous military effort to maintain the new world order, to see that the dew free nationalities are not strangled in their birth, and also that the German and Turkish agents who have escaped from the war shall not work their revenge by wrecking the British Empire. The burden may be terrible, but it must be borne. We must keep up our army and navy. We must, by our own strength, with such help as France and Italy and Greece and Belgium can give us, save the Entente Powers from German revenge and the world from anarchy.'

Now, I need not argue at length against this point of view, or point out that it involves a claim, or at least the appearance of a claim, to an imperial position among all nations which the rest of the world is not likely to tolerate. Because the truth is, it is an impossible policy. In the first place our financial position does not enable us to keep an army and navy of anything like the dimensions necessary for this almost single-handed policing of the world. In the second place, even if it were financially possible, it is not so politically. The British nation could not be induced to accept it. However, there is sure to be a continuous pressure in this direction. The War Office will try, even if it cannot obtain a whole and consistent policy on these lines, at least to save such fragments as it can. And this must produce a direct clash with the policy of those

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who wish to use the League of Nations.

In order to use the League the first step is a simple one. It is to summon the Assembly. The Assembly will probably represent thirty-two original members, plus thirteen new members who were neutral during the war. At any rate there will be over forty states represented; and, except for two omissions, the Assembly will make a fair approach to representing the public opinion of the world. The omissions, of course, are those of the late enemy powers and of Russia. The League cannot pretend to be a fully representative and impartial body as long as one side in the Great War is excluded. The Assembly, however, has power, by a two thirds majority, to admit new members provided certain conditions are satisfied. Some of the nations not yet included, such as Turkey and Russia, have certainly not yet satisfied the conditions, and Turkey is for some time hardly likely to do so. But Germany and Austria can probably pass the test already, and for my own part I think, in the interests of justice, of safety, and of the moral authority of the League, the sooner they are admitted the better.

But meanwhile what is the Assembly to do? It has, except when special decisions are referred to it, no executive power. It can only speak and ask questions. In the present state of the world that is a formidable and, I believe, a very beneficent power.

The Old Germano-Turco-Irish propaganda has never died. It is not heard of so much over here, where it could be mostly disproved and laughed out of court; but it rages in Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, India, in the neutral countries of Europe, and, of course, in America. It works wherever it can hurt us most. I am not one of those who defend Great Britain through thick and thin. Our activities are so widespread and unceasing that a large list of blunders and misdeeds can be made up against us. But if the first meeting of the Assembly were to set itself to raising all the most awkward questions it could find; I believe that on the whole, for this country, the result would be a great and resounding acquittal.

A clue to the policy of 1918 is the Persian Treaty. The British Government acted, as far as I can judge, somewhat wrongly and very unwisely in making a treaty with the pro-British Persian Government without the knowledge of the Nationalist Persian deputation at Paris. No one could be surprised at the outcry which arose against this treaty both in Europe and America. But Lord Curzon's next step went far toward putting the matter right. He announced that the treaty would be laid before the Council of the League of Nations to see if there was anything in it which went contrary to the principles of the League. I believe that the result of the League's inquiry will be a justification of the terms of the treaty. But what if it should be otherwise? Lord Curzon's offer was presumably made in good faith. If the League does find any part of the treaty contrary to its principles we must be prepared to alter it.

Exactly the same with Egypt. Amid a cloud of misinformation and unreasonableness in the refusal of the Egyptian Nationalists to have any dealings with the Milner Commission there emerges one clear point. They assert that when the British Government proclaimed its Protectorate over Egypt in 1915, the proclamation stated definitely that the Protectorate was established as a war measure, and would be withdrawn or reconsidered at the end of the war. This matter must be cleared up, and it is fortunate for us that there is a tribunal before

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which it can be cleared up. The International Court, indeed, does not yet exist; but we have the opportunity of laying before either the Assembly or the Council of the League the documents on which our case rests and asking for a judgment whether or not there is anything contrary to the principles of the League in the policy which we propose to follow. Our main case is certainly sound. But it is likely enough that in the turmoil of war our representatives have contradicted themselves or one another or made mistakes. Such mistakes must be admitted, and with the disinterested help of the League some tolerable way out must be discovered.

It is quite possible that questions may be raised in the Assembly which might seem to Great Britain to be domestic in character and unsuitable for the League. It may be disputed whether in such doubtful cases we should take a stiffly correct line in resisting all legitimate inquiry, or whether we should rather embrace the opportunity for publicity. I should like to lay before the League, or the Commission on Mandates, not for action, but for information, a full account of the Government of India, including the Montagu Bill.

The proposal may be premature. But I am convinced that the world-wide hurricane of hatred and slander to which the Empire is now exposed — though we hear little of it in this country — is a real danger to its continuance. All empires are apt to be hated; but we are at present hated too much, and mostly on false grounds. Patriotic propaganda is no answer at all; it is useless in itself and has been utterly discredited during the war. If it be true that the Empire and the whole rule of Europe over Asia and Africa is an edifice built on tyranny and force, so that incidents like those of Amritsar are both necessary and normal, then it must be agreed that the interests of the Empire demand secrecy and concealment and that any suggestion of publicity is suicidal.

I confess I do not. I believe that the world order established by the British Empire is emphatically a good thing though not a perfect thing. It is enormously in the interest of mankind that it should develop, and it is at the present time dangerously unpopular and exposed to a campaign of hatred. The one way of safety for the Empire is to convince the world of its value to the world order.

That public opinion of the world, as the war has shown, is already a great and an increasing force. We cannot elude it. We are lost if we defy it. But if we meet it boldly it will be our strongest friend.

Passing now to foreign policy in general, we are faced at once with two pressing questions, one military and one financial.

It is almost universally agreed that the policy followed by the Entente Powers with regard to Russia has been disastrous. We need not here try to trace to their various origins the amazing inconsistencies through which our governments have plunged. In the main one can see a battle between two forces inside the Supreme Council: one force apparently small but vigorous, the other much more largely supported by popular feeling but helpless and lacking in clarity of thought. The important point is that this fluctuation of policy has been throughout dependent on secrecy. Every nation has been kept in the dark. Every statement about Russia has been issued with a purpose. It is as though some section in the War Office or in the Quai d'Orsay had bundles and bundles of documents, some old, some new, some genuine, some less genuine, which

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were issued from time to time as it was thought desirable to justify an anti-Bolshevist or a pro-Bolshevist move. It is obvious that such a state of affairs is wholly injurious, and it is the duty of the League of Nations to put an end to it as soon as the machinery starts working.

First, the Assembly of the League must have the facts out, so far as they are known. They will probably be rather damaging to everybody, but not nearly so dangerous as the present state. Next, as Lord Robert Cecil has suggested, the Council of the League should arrange for a Commission of Inquiry to visit Russia. The Russian Government has asked for this, so that it is not impracticable. At the same time, under Article 25, the League should set the Red Cross to work at the task of repatriating those who survive of the prisoners of war in Russia and Siberia. Thirdly, if it is possible, we must have peace. We ought to have had it a long time ago; and should have had it if neutral opinion had had its due weight in our councils. The Council of the League will represent the Entente Powers plus four neutrals; the Entente Powers are already evenly divided between peace and war, so the neutrals will probably decide the matter.

Europe needs this peace with Russia badly, almost desperately; but, of course, even here it does not follow that we can have what we want. In their early days the Bolsheviki proclaimed a truceless war against all their neighbors so long as those neighbors maintained the present order of society. Bolshevism was to be an international anarchist crusade. If they hold to that view peace is apparently impossible. But it seems to be almost certain that they have changed. They have again and again offered peace. Their system of government has been greatly modified. Above all, they are now a real government, and, like most governments, probably care more about preserving themselves in power than about any principle or programme. And their continuance in power probably depends, when once the stimulant of foreign invasion is removed, on the comparative comfort or discomfort of the national life under their rule. So they have strong motives for desiring peace. When once peace is made, if the Red army is disbanded, and if the government shows itself reasonably stable, no time should be lost in inviting Russia to join the League of Nations. She is far too big and dangerous to be left outside, unbound by agreements, uncontrolled by meetings in council, and urged into enmity by the fact of exclusion.

As to the terms of peace one principle is clear: that it must be a general peace. It must include all the European and Asiatic neighbors of Russia. There must be no more thought of using Poland as a 'spearhead.' The whole policy of playing on the inflamed nationalism of that unhappy country in order to goad it into wars of aggression in the interests of the Entente Powers is a nightmare which will not stand a day's public criticism in the Assembly of the League. Where the frontiers of Poland should lie is a difficult question, and can be settled by no authority but that of the League. The Poles will certainly have to retire. But their retirement from East Galicia is probably even more necessary than from the provinces of White Russia now occupied by Pilsudski.

While the Bolsheviki maintain an enormous conscript army general disarmament is not practicable. When once they disband, the path ahead becomes clearer, but still not entirely open. The British Empire will always need garrisons and small expeditionary

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armies. The subject peoples of the Turkish Empire cannot be simply abandoned to the new massacres which will presumably follow on the withdrawal of all Entente troops. Also the whole French nation feels, and is quite justified in feeling, that it must be protected against the revenge of Germany. France is much weaker than Germany; by the help of England America, Italy, and some score of other nations, she has beaten Germany, and beaten her very badly; and now the other nations are proceeding to say good-bye and to go about their respective businesses. France has every reason to be alarmed.

The methods which some French militarists would have preferred are frankly stated by M. Hanotaux in his remarkable volume of memorials recently published. They are, first, enormous black armies recruited in Africa. '*On demande ce que nous cherchons en Afrique*,' says M. Hanotaux. '*Tout simplement, des soldats.*' Secondly, the permanent economic disintegration and political dismemberment of Germany. M. Hanotaux wishes to annex all German territory up to the Elbe — not the Rhine — and to prevent for all time any form of union between the various German states. It is suspected that the impossible demands for the surrender of war criminals made by France upon Germany were intended to furnish an excuse for carrying out this dismemberment. Thirdly, he wishes for a military alliance between France, England, and America.

The last of these proposals apparently is refused by the United States; the others are in various degrees crimes against civilization and contrary to the interest of mankind. The League of Nations cannot, if it is true to its principles, allow any one of them. And that refusal throws upon the League the duty of safeguarding France in some other way. For, of course, France must be safeguarded.

This is not because the League ought to favor France against other nations or more than other nations. It is simply because, in the interests of all Europe, Germany included, there must not be a war of revenge. France must not fear it, Germany must not hope for it. It must be ruled out of the possibilities that influence practical statesmen. No power except the League of Nations can achieve this end, and that a League of which Germany and Austria are members.

The security of France cannot be assured by any sudden and mechanical device. France is safe at present because Germany is too weak to fight. As time goes on she must be made safe by a wise international policy accompanied by universal disarmament. But for a time it will be clearly important that the armies at the service of the League, though individually small in numbers, shall be real armies, ready for rapid action. Total disarmament cannot precede the restoration of confidence in Europe; it can only follow it.

Restoration of confidence is, of course, impossible without some parallel restoration of financial stability. It is no part of my present argument to point out the immense need for some coöperative effort on the part of all Europe to reëstablish the economic life of the various ruined or semi-ruined territories. The case is stated, to my mind, with unanswerable force both in Mr. Keynes's book and in the joint memorial asking for an international economic conference which has been presented to the Prime Ministers by leading economists in all the European countries and endorsed with reservations by those of America. I wish only to comment on two points,

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to show where the use of the League of Nations comes in.

In the first place, any such conference would have to survey the same ground as the Reparations Commission appointed under the Treaty of Versailles for fixing and exacting indemnities due from the conquered Powers. Why, then, should the work not be left to the Reparations Commission alone? The answer may be seen in a moment by comparing with the text of the joint memorial the eloquent directions given by M. Millerand to the Reparations Commission at its first sitting. M. Millerand instructs the Commission that its duty is to wring the fullest payment possible out of a cunning and mendacious debtor; it must disbelieve his pleas of poverty; it must bleed him dry and not spare him. The Reparations Commission, in fact, belongs to a past epoch, an epoch of delusion, when dishonest politicians persuaded ignorant electors that Germany would pay fifty thousand millions of indemnity, or more if wanted, so as to relieve England and France of all the cost of the war. Public opinion has got beyond this, both in France and England. The present problem is not how to make Germany and Austria, out of their abundance, pay our debts for us. The problem is how to prevent the economic ruin of Germany and Austria from becoming incurable and infecting the rest of Europe. And that is work for an International Economic Commission, with Germany and Austria represented, as proposed by the signatories of the joint memorial.

The appointment of such a commission, of course, implies the possibility of international action involving credits and probably loans. And to any such step Mr. Glass, on behalf of the American Treasury, has made an energetically worded objection. 'Such things as international guaranties are utterly impracticable so long as there exist inequalities of taxation and domestic financial policy in the various countries involved.' Naturally, this objection had been foreseen by the able men whom Mr. Glass is answering. They say plainly, 'There can be no social or economic future for any country which adopts a permanent policy of meeting its current expenditure by a continuous inflation of its circulation and by increasing its interest-bearing debts without a corresponding increase of its tangible assets. In practice every country will have to be treated after careful study and with due regard to its individual conditions and requirements.' The whole passage is too long to quote. But it is clear that the memorialists conceive their Commission as having the power to review the financial policy of every country, and only admit to the benefit of the international credit those countries which adopt the necessary financial measures for helping themselves. That is, the Commission must derive its authority from the League of Nations. No other body has either the right or the power to exercise such an inquiry.

The above sketch of policy is, of course, both rough and summary. I have not attempted to indicate the various modifications in the Peace Treaty which, on the one hand, are necessary to European peace, and, on the other hand, cannot be made by any authority except that of the League. My object has been to show how, both to Great Britain in her imperial possition and to all the nations of Europe in their military and economic distress, the League of Nations can be used, and indeed must be used, if we are to find any way through the discomforts of the present and the dangers of the future.

So far the League of Nations has attacked only one problem, the inter-

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national regulation of labor conditions. Decisions were taken at the League's Labor Conference at Washington with regard to the application of an eight-hour day, night work for women and children in factories, unemployment, the protection of women at childbirth, and the labor of children under fourteen. The machinery for applying these decisions is now being worked out in detail. This particular undertaking has been, by general admission, an almost unqualified success, and no one can mistake its importance. I will not dwell on it further except to point out three things: that representatives of both employers and employed, and also of government, were present; that both Entente representatives and representatives of Germany and Austria are now present; and that the force of mere publicity was found to be overwhelming in bringing doubtful or recalcitrant parties into line. The League could not have started with better omens.

[*Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (Lutheran Conservative Daily), *February*]

WHAT INSPIRES A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY PROFESSOR RUDOLF KJELLEN

If we ask why the great idea of a League of Nations should have taken concrete form just at the present time, we get three answers. We discover three groups of motives of different depth, three responsive chords of different sensitiveness. First and foremost is hatred of war. This is not hatred of civil war, which is still a favorite sport of the very classes that are loudest in condemning war in general, nor a war of starvation by blockade, for this is being legalized as a future weapon in the very Covenant of the League. It is international war — the frank, brutal war of machines which we have just experienced — that has been made an object of universal hatred and abhorrence by our recent suffering. This sentiment is associated with an impulsive conviction that the great crisis was precipitated by the evil design of certain individuals, and that it might have been prevented had there been a super-government above national government — some higher authority, some supreme political organization.

We need not stop to consider how far these beliefs are justified. We shall not even attempt to plumb the depth of the sentiment against war. Perchance that sentiment is merely an expression of weariness and consequently a passing one, like similar waves of feeling following earlier crises in history. What we desire to fix in our reader's mind is merely that a condition of sentiment plays a large rôle in the present effort to create a League of Nations. Perhaps that condition is not a very stable support, but it nevertheless constitutes an extraordinarily favorable opportunity for those who believe themselves called to be the architects of the future.

This gateway of opportunity is widened by the strong and permanent

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drift from Liberalism to Socialism. Quite apart from the war crisis, a profound transformation is now under way. For a century or more the ideals of Liberalism have fared onward under constantly favoring breezes. In the hundred years of struggle between the state and the individual, the individual has won the victory. The modern conception of the state is circumscribed by the limited horizon of the individual defending his 'inborn rights.' As is invariably the case, so one-sided a view has produced in practice dangerous results. Freedom has degenerated into license and the state has begun to dissolve in anarchy. Thereupon, society is resorting to Socialism as the antithesis of Liberalism. Society, the community, is reasserting its supremacy over the individual.

That is what has happened inside the state. The fact that Liberals and Socialists often form close alliances, merely proves that human selfishness and party interests are more powerful than abstract principles. But are not governments themselves subject in their turn to the same course of evolution in relation to the community of nations, that individuals are in relation to single governments?

Up to the present the absolute, unbounded sovereignty of the state has been our highest ideal. Above the state no organization was permitted which limited the former's individualism; for in their relations to each other, states themselves become individuals. Undeniably this excess of freedom has come to imperil the very existence of the state itself. As a concrete illustration, Montenegro may be cited. That little independent principality set fire to the train which blazed up in the Balkan War, and thus, indirectly, caused the World War — a conflagration for which another individual state, Serbia, set the tinder. Therefore, in the relation of governments to each other, as in the relation of individuals to each other within the state, practical experience shows that unlimited freedom may contain the germs of disastrous anarchy. So again we face a demand to limit freedom. The Socialist state and the League of Nations — although vastly dissimilar in degree — are parallel phenomena. They are children of the same epoch.

Right here this great ideal becomes a two-edged sword for the small nations. For the most part they greeted it with great rejoicing, regarding a League of Nations as a step toward justice, as guarding their own independence against the usurpations of the mighty. But we now discover that this same freedom may protect the powerful against the insolence or self-assertion of the smaller Powers. It is the great nations that draw the line between patriotism and chauvinism, and they draw that line very narrowly. This creates that danger of 'amalgamation,' which played so important a part in the Norwegian attitude toward union with Sweden. The weaker party risks being absorbed when it enters into partnership with a powerful neighbor.

The latter danger threatens every small state which sits down to table with the Great Powers in the hall of the League of Nations. That is the reverse of the medal. So when we debate joining the League, conflicting motives and fears struggle for the mastery, and we see clearly the error of assuming that membership will bring us only profit and no loss.

But we have not yet sounded to the very bottom of these inter-playing motives. Viewed from the perspective of world history, the League of Nations signifies a return to the greatest political tradition in the records

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of mankind — namely, the Christian community as a universal system — as conceived in the Middle Ages and symbolized externally by the Holy Roman Empire and the Papacy. These two political concepts, never actually realized, but always vivid ideals, were greatly weakened in Europe when the national states acquired individual sovereignty and complete control of their own destinies. Now, the demands of a new era seem to bid us return to the old unity. But this unity will surely not be unity under an Emperor or a Pope, or predominantly under Christian dogma. The place of those earlier concepts has been taken by a more comprehensive ideal named 'modern culture.' Civilized men are developing little by little a consciousness of community, a community greater than that of nations, which is now seeking to incorporate itself in a political form. Here we seem at length to have struck firm ground, beyond the quivering morass represented by the transient and temporary emotions of the moment. We have concrete evidence that mankind as a whole is inspired by common concepts of justice and humanity, which are manifesting themselves slowly but with increasing power in internationalism. This tendency was regarded as subsidiary in the pre-war epoch—as negligible in contrast with the main current of nationalism. However, certain practical aspects of international unity, such as modern jurisprudence, social welfare, commerce, and science, had already begun to take on the outlines of a universal League of Peoples. We might cite the Hague Peace Congresses of 1899 and 1907. At the first of these, twenty European Powers, four Asiatic governments, and the two principal nations of North America were represented. At the second congress, forty-four governments participated, presenting an early adumbration of mankind as a political unit.

This was the slow, silent, but steady and irresistible movement of evolution toward its goal — a League of Nations at The Hague. The World War stands for a revolutionary interruption in this evolution, and the League of Nations of Versailles is a child of revolution. Let us emphasize clearly the contrast between the two; for in it lies the key to the whole situation. From the calm experience of centuries we had begun to lay the foundations of a system for the harmonious coöperation of all peoples. Even the physical site had been selected. The materials had begun to be assembled. The piles were being driven to support the foundation of the international edifice. Then suddenly the preparations were interrupted. The very ground beneath was shaken by the violence of a world-wide earthquake. Now mankind is trying to resume the work, accommodating the new structure to the broken surface of the still distorted landscape.

A revolution may hasten organic development or it may divert it in a wrong direction. Undoubtedly, it was the design of the responsible leaders at Versailles to seize a creative opportunity in order to give concrete form to the ideal of The Hague. But they forgot that the ideal of The Hague presumed a normal situation. Their league will not be the same structure if erected on a different site.

Consequently, the League of Nations as constituted in its new form will collapse. A violent crisis has interrupted the profounder currents of history. Selfish interests backed by conscious physical power, will never bless the League builders with that true vision needed to design the lasting temple of world justice.

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[*The Hibbert Journal* (Religious Quarterly), *January*]

RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS RENAISSANCE

BY PRINCE EUGENE TROUBETZKOY

THE civil war which is now going on in Russia is accompanied by a spiritual conflict not less determined and portentous. For the Bolsheviki, it is well known, the only question at stake is that of realizing a certain political and social programme of human relationships. Their programme is merely a particular application of the materialist conception of life, erected into a dogma and proclaimed as the fundamental principle of all human society. It is not surprising, therefore, that Bolshevism has for its adversary a religious movement, which is now becoming a powerful effort of the whole nation to recover its soul.

The materialist conception of which I speak is in no sense original. The doctrine of Bolshevism is merely a transformation of Marxism adapted to the [business] of revolution and consequently [distorted] and falsified. The doctrine of Marx, I need hardly say, is an explanation in materialistic terms of the historical evolution of society. Socialism is there represented as the final result of a long historical process, a result due to arrive in a future more or less distant and uncertain. To transform this scientific Socialism into a programme of revolutionary action, it has been found necessary to give it a violent twist. This Bolshevism has done by substituting *immediate revolution* for the *evolution* preached by Marx. For him materialism is mainly one of the means for explaining history. For Lenin and his adepts it is primarily a law of action, the principle not alone of what *is* but of what *ought to be*.

One of the most striking characteristics of Bolshevism is its pronounced hatred of religion, and of Christianity most of all. To the Bolshevist, Christianity is not merely the [theory] of a mode of life different from his own; it is an enemy to be persecuted and wiped out of existence.

To understand this is not difficult. The tendency of the Christian religion to hold before the believer an ideal of a life beyond death is diametrically opposed to the ideal of Bolshevism, which tempts the masses by promising *the immediate realization of the earthly paradise*. From that point of view Christianity is not only a false conception of life; it is an obstacle to the realization of the Communist ideal. It detaches souls from the objects of sense and diverts them from the struggle to get the good things of this life. According to the Bolshevist formula, 'religion is opium for the people,' and serves as a tool of capitalist domination.

In contrast with religion, Bolshevism is first and foremost the practical denial of the spiritual. The Bolsheviki flatly refuse to admit the existence of any spiritual bond between man and man. For them economic and material interests constitute the only social nexus: they recognize no other. This is the source of their whole conception of human society. [The love of country], for example, is a lying and hypocritical pretense which is used to 'mask' the interests of the dominant

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classes. The 'nation' is a mere spectre which must vanish, an empty prejudice; for the national bond is a spiritual bond, and therefore wholly factitious. From their point of view the only *real* bond between men is the material — that is to say, the economic. Material interests divide men into classes, and they are the only divisions to be taken account of. Hence the Bolsheviki recognize no 'nations' save the 'rich' and the 'poor.' As there is no other bond which can unite these two 'nations' into one social whole, their relations must be [regulated] exclusively by the zoölogical principle revealed in the struggle for existence.

On this showing, considerations of *justice* have nothing to do with the claim of the proletariat to be the sole possessor of all material goods. That claim rests solely and exclusively on the right of the strongest. According to the Bolsheviki, therefore, it is not [social] justice [of one kind or another] that emerges from the strife of classes: it is simply the right of the big fishes to swallow the little ones. Formerly the capitalists had the advantage of this right: now it is the turn of the proletariat. Nor must this right of the wild beast to his prey be limited by any humanitarian qualification. The strife of classes, as they conceive it, is to be in all respects as cruel and implacable as the struggle for existence among the animals; that is to say, it can only be terminated by the complete extermination of one or the other of the combatants.

All the typical features of Bolshevist society are derived as logical consequences from the fundamental principle just described. Why, for example, does manual work hold the privileged position? Why is it much more highly remunerated than intellectual work? Why are the intellectuals ill-treated and persecuted? The answer is simple. The natural consequence of the denial of the spiritual bond is that intellectual forces are held in contempt. Among the Bolsheviki the worth of a man is estimated solely in terms of the material force that he represents. This valuation is in complete harmony with the common notion that the only 'true work' is bodily work. The cult of 'masses' and the contempt for the individual personality which characterize Bolshevism [proceed] from the same source.

Another consequence of the materialist conception of society is the Bolshevist method of treating the family. Since there is no spiritual bond between the two sexes, there can be no *constant* relation. The rule is, therefore, that men and women can change their partners as often as they wish. The [authorities] in certain provinces have even proclaimed 'the nationalization' of women, that is, the abolition of any private and exclusive right to possess a wife even for a limited period, on the ground that women are the 'property of all.' [The same with] the children. A powerful current of opinion among the Bolsheviki is urging that children must be taken from their parents in order that the state may give them an education on true materialistic lines. Attempts have been made to carry out these ideas. In certain communes some hundreds of children were 'nationalized,' that is, taken from their parents and placed in public institutions.

In short, the feature most characteristic of Bolshevism is to be found in the practical method it adopts for the realization of its Utopia. This method is the armed conflict of classes, *war to the death against all who possess*. And this, from the standpoint of a consistent materialism, is, beyond all doubt, the one certain means of causing the strongest to prevail.

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We now know something of the appalling consequences. The dream of the earthly paradise, to be brought into being by civil war, becomes instantly the reality of hell let loose. The war of classes has shown itself incapable of founding a new social order. On the other hand, it has shattered the very foundations of human society in any form whatsoever. For society is before all else a state of *peace* among the individuals and the classes of which it is composed.

What the Bolshevist adventure has demonstrated once for all is this — the total incapacity of materialist [doctrine] to give men peace of any kind. The present condition of Russia may be described in two formulæ of Hobbes, which were also born in a time of civil war: *Bellum omnium contra omnes*, and *Homo homini lupus est.*

This is the sober truth. The civil war in Russia has become literally 'a war of all against all'; for it has penetrated to the interior of every town and every village.

'The war of the poor against the rich' is indeed a formula which seems simple enough at first sight. But life is infinitely more complicated than any formula. What is 'a poor man,' and what is 'a rich man'? These are vague and indeterminate conceptions for 'riches' and 'poverty' are clearly *relative* things. A man who has two waistcoats for his body or two horses for his plough is 'rich' in comparison with another who has only one. At what point, then, can the war of the poor against the rich be stopped? In Russia we have the sad experience that no barrier or limit can be set to this conflict. At the beginning of the revolution there was war between the peasants and the proprietors of the great estates; then came war between the poorest peasants and the peasants who were better off; then war between the towns and the rural populations to get possession of corn; then internecine strife between the workmen in the towns. Here, too, the distinction is drawn between 'poor workers,' who are the privileged members of the Bolshevist state, and the workers without the qualification 'poor,' the latter being an object of hatred and envy to the former. The 'poor worker' who to-day improves his condition by his labor runs the risk of being classed to-morrow with the 'rich' or the 'bourgeois,' and consequently exposed to the attacks of his 'fellow citizens.'

It is matter of common knowledge that every person in Russia to whom the term 'rich' or 'bourgeois' can be attached is completely outside the protection of the law. He is marked 'an enemy of the people' and remains without defense against pillage and murder. The Bolshevist state is a society in which the least increase of individual prosperity attracts to itself the jealous regards of innumerable eyes. The instant a man raises himself even above the level of mendicity he is at once suspected, denounced, and followed up. Thenceforward he has neither right nor security.

Such a régime is fatal to production of every kind and prolific of [hatred]. The peasant who thought he would become a rich man by appropriating the land of the neighboring estates, sows no more corn than is strictly necessary for the support of his family, knowing for certain that any surplus in his harvest will be taken from him or 'requisitioned' for next to nothing. The best policy for the unhappy man is obviously to produce as little as possible. Besides which, there is another way in which he can ameliorate his lot during the rest of the year. He has only to inscribe his name in a 'committee of poor men,' spy on any who remain at work, denounce them as

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'bourgeois,' and forthwith take his share in the fruit of their labors.

Bolshevist Russia is a country where men have virtually ceased to work. Consequently almost everything needful is lacking — corn, fuel for the factories and railways, clothing, boots. The factories close down; the trains crawl along. There are railways on which trains run no more. The civil war, and the uncertainty of the morrow, have killed productive activity. [In place of] the old barriers between classes, hatred and envy have raised new ones. New social antagonisms have come into being, in particular that between the town and the village, which now stand for opposing camps. The peasant refuses to sell the produce of his harvest to the town, for the paper money in which he is paid is worth almost nothing, and is useless in any case, for there is nothing to buy with it. The consequence is that in order to procure bread the town invades the country with detachments of soldiers who requisition the grain by force and pillage the peasantry. Naturally, the town workman, who does not work, is an object of hatred to the peasant whom he deprives of the whole means of livelihood. On the other hand, the workman detests the 'greedy peasant' who leaves him to die of hunger.

This state of things is becoming insupportable for the masses. In the country there are fresh outbreaks every day. The peasant, realizing that he has been tricked by empty promises, becomes ferocious and kills the Bolshevist officers. These functionaries are sometimes burned alive, or buried alive. These revolts are ruthlessly repressed. Thousands are hanged or shot; blood is being shed like water. Villages are burned ten or a dozen at a time. Meanwhile the popular hatred of the Bolsheviki rises every day. No sooner is the fire stamped out in one place than it breaks forth in another.

Such are the practical effects of the materialistic dream of Bolshevism. The facts I have described are not accidental, they are the necessary consequences of its fundamental principle. To set up material interest as the only social bond is to destroy society, for the simple reason that it makes the material interest of each individual of more value than society itself. The sacrifice of one's life or of any other individual interest becomes absurd if there is nothing higher than the interest in question. A pack of wolves gathered for hunting in common, and then tearing each other to pieces when no more prey is to be found, furnishes an exact image of a society where the advantage or the appetite of each member has become the sole law of conduct. A community of human beings cannot exist on these terms. The unchaining of appetite can only be the beginning of general decomposition.

This is precisely what the materialist Utopia has done for Russia. As a principle of social decomposition it has displayed an amazing power. In a few months it dispersed an army of ten million men and ground the world's greatest empire into dust; at the same time it has shown a complete impotence to reconstruct society on any new basis whatsoever. Its attempt to separate the body from the spirit of social life has only proved once more that the *life* of society is its *spirit*. When that goes, the material embodiment decomposes and falls into dust; and there is no human skill that can resuscitate it. Nothing save the breath of the spirit can restore the life it has lost. And this miracle of resurrection is actually taking place in Russia at this moment.

The real opponent of Bolshevism in things moral and intellectual is the

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religious movement which began in Russia after the revolution, toward the end of 1917.

The period which preceded the revolution was one of religious decadence. After what I have said in the preceding pages, it will be readily understood that the empty triumph of Bolshevism would have been impossible but for the utter enfeeblement of the religious life of the nation. The growth of unbelief among the masses, which is a universal feature of modern society, has had in Russia [a long history]: and this it is which has rendered our people so easily accessible to the temptations of the revolutionary spirit.

But now, thanks to the persecutions which the revolution has set on foot, there has come into being a genuine religious [revival]. We see here a phenomenon which has often been repeated in the history of mankind. The experience of prosperity is nearly always [dangerous] to the spiritual life. On the other hand, suffering, [loss], and . . .* of many kinds serve to revive thespirit of religion and [to give wings to] its flight.

Contemporary events in Russia furnish a new confirmation of this [well-known] rule. During the imperial period the protection of the Church by the secular power was a source of large material benefits [to the former]. But in the domain of the spiri these benefits cost the Church dear. Large numbers of bishops and priests became state functionaries, docile instruments of the government. Needless to say, this lowering of the priesthood was itself one of the signs of the general religious decay. To whatever degree a priest retains a lively sense of his sacred character, his subservience to the secular power becomes psychologically impossible. Moreover, the transformation of the priest into an employee of the state is always accompanied by the loss of his influence over the masses. Of course, the revolutionary propagandists have largely profited by this to [discredit] the Russian clergy, representing them as tools of the reactionary tendencies of the old régime.

The revolution was the beginning of a complete [reversal] in these relations. The Church, pillaged and persecuted, lost all the material advantages it had hitherto enjoyed: in return, the loss of all these relative values was made good by the absolute value of spiritual independence. There is here no question of any exterior change of its position in the state. My point is that independence of ecclesiastical power brought into the life of the Church independence of spirit and of thought. It was a psychological renewal, a return to the ardent faith of old Russia. This it is that explains the growing influence of the Church on the masses of the people: the blood of the new martyrs won their hearts. This is not an overstatement of the fact. I am acquainted with provinces in Russia where the number of priests assassinated amounts to ten per cent of their total number. The Bolsheviki have not [been con tent] to kill them; they have torn out the eyes of some, have cut out the tongues of others; and they have even crucified [them]. In Siberia, at Tobolsk, an aged archbishop was compelled to . . .* and after that they . . .* At Perm, before killing a bishop, they tore out his eyes and cut off his cheeks; then they had him [exhibited] in the streets.

In many instances these atrocities were provoked by the heroic conduct of the clergy. Priests have been run through with bayonets for having the audacity to speak a word to stop the cruelty of the soldiers. Others have been put to death for having locked the doors of their churches against [ma-

*Words undecipherable.

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rauders] bent on pillage. Bishops have suffered for having preached against the Bolsheviki; and the Metropolitan of Kieff, was shot dead for refusing to introduce 'the régime of communal equality' into a convent.

Just as in ancient Rome such happenings as these gained for the Christian Church the largest number of proselytes, these awful sufferings are giving new power to religion in Russia.

Bolshevist efforts to 'annihilate' religion and suffocate the Church have produced exactly the opposite effect. The Russian people have been profoundly impressed by the coincidence of national disaster with the triumph of irreligion. [They see that] this coincidence is not accidental. The attempt being made to expel religion from social life only serves to reveal, even to the unbelieving, the importance of their lost sanctuaries and of the religious bond so rudely broken. They see that hitherto the existence of social life has depended entirely on this bond. They see that religion has raised man above the savage state and made him *man* in the true sense of the word. The Bolsheviki have given them a demonstration *ad oculos* that irreligion [erected into a principle] ends in bestiality. . . .*

At the present moment the connection between the sins of the Russian people and the [ruin of Russian society] is penetrating deeper and deeper into the consciousness of the [masses]. At the Council of Moscow in 1917–18 and in [many] other religious gatherings I have heard the speeches of simple peasants, and been deeply impressed by the lucidity of their thoughts about this matter. They see clearly that all their sufferings, even the famine which is destroying their fellows by tens of thousands, has its origin in a moral source; it is not the sterility of the soil that deprives them of their daily bread, but 'iniquity walking on the earth'; it is the strife of brother with brother which has ruined the country and destroyed honest labor. 'We have forgotten God and become wild beasts. That is the sole cause of our [misery].' This is the way these simple folk sum up the present condition of [their country].

[*Irish Statesman* (Nationalist Literary Weekly), *March 13*]

THE IRISH SITUATION

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

Long before the war, I was convinced that the peace of the world and the orderly progress, if not the survival of western civilization, depended, more than on any other one thing, upon a right mutual understanding between the British Commonwealth of Free Nations—a term I prefer, to 'the British Empire'—and the great republic of the West. When war came, being too old to fight, I strove to help in some small way toward such an understanding. I began my American investigations in the first winter of the war, and they had not gone far before

* Three sentences undecipherable.

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I found that English relations with Ireland were a factor, the disregard of which would render all other work in this field futile.

In March, 1916, I had nearly an hour's conference with Lord Kitchener, at his request. He wanted to talk to me about a memorandum I had written upon the causes keeping America out of the war, into which I had from the outset been convinced she would be inevitably drawn. He gave it as his considered opinion that if America came in at once the war would be brought to a speedy end. I have not myself the least doubt, but I have no time here to give you a tithe of the proof, that, even supposing the Irish trouble had nothing to do with the beginning of the war, it was an important factor in delaying her decisive participation. To the same cause was due a great deal of political embarrassment to the war administration at Washington.

Only the splendid loyalty to America of the Irish-Americans saved the situation. Even so, notwithstanding a government control of news unprecedented in the history of the British people, Ireland has become the final proof to every enemy of England in America, that British aims in war and peace are insincere so far as they relate to the liberty of small nationalities.

Now and again some prominent politician wins cheers by telling America to mind her own business. I agree that it is undesirable — improper I suppose — for alien legislative bodies or official representatives of alien governments to indulge in official utterances or actions which are technically 'unfriendly.' But what these people or bodies, rightly or wrongly, say or do, is of infinitesimal importance compared with the popular opinion they represent.

In America I have recently found a more bitter anti-English feeling than in all my forty years of observation. As usual, although due to many other causes, it was tangled up with the Irish trouble, and was generally expressed in what I may call Irish terms. Personally, I am glad of this, because it will make many people who hesitate to attempt the almost impossible task of understanding and helping to solve the Irish question, see that no sacrifice is too great with such an end in view. The Americans don't bother themselves with details; they want Ireland to have as large a measure of self-government as is consistent with the military safety of the British Empire, for which many Americans believe they are almost as much concerned as the British are. They would also concede to minorities, more particularly to that of Ulster, ample security from any possible, even if improbable, oppression by the majority of the Irish people.

American opinion does not want Ireland to be an independent republic; it does want Ireland to have all the independence that can be given to it subject to the two qualifications I have named. But, as between the present proposals of the government and an Irish Republic, it would certainly choose an Irish Republic. In any case, until the government ceases to break its promises to Ireland the sentiment of America will be that the Irish people are justified in asking anything they like.

I come now to the bill [now before Parliament]. Its avowed object, the better government of Ireland, presented the draftsman with an easier task than that of devising a worse government for Ireland than we now enjoy — I use the word in the Irish sense of enjoying bad health. According to one of its chief sponsors, who frankly told us that when it appeared it would be denounced by every man, woman, and

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child in Ireland, an appropriate title would be, 'A bill to confer upon Ireland government with the dissent of all the governed.'

The first and fundamental principle of an Irish settlement is the recognition of Irish nationality. Do not let us be fooled by academic debates upon what is a nation. We may safely reject all the elaborate and philosophic definitions, and just say that any body of persons living together and feeling that way are a nation. We alone know whether or not we are a nation.

The second fundamental principle is the unity of Ireland. God made us one nation. The British Government, so late as September, 1914, induced Parliament to declare us again one nation. In his famous letter to the Irish Convention of February 25, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George asserted that 'a single legislature for an united Ireland' was 'an essential of a settlement.' Under what pressure does Mr. Lloyd George, in this year of grace 1920, seek to make Parliament declare, in the same Statute Book, that we are two nations? We, of course, know the answer to this question; and we know its implications. Ireland consists, on the one hand, of a backward, disorderly, thriftless, superstitious, but withal amusing, nation — unworthy of the recognition given to Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and other pioneers of civilization; and, on the other, of a super-nation endowed with the highest civic virtues. Those are the two views of Irish nationality. Four fifths of Ireland and, I have not the smallest doubt, an immense majority of the British people, and the whole world beyond, take one view. Not more than one fifth of the Irish people — I believe a great deal less — take the other view. But this Irish minority is championed by a dominant faction in the Coalition.

The third fundamental principle is one which I will not call self-determination, because that term is as new in politics as are tanks and submarines in modern warfare, and the limitations of its use are not yet established; so I will simply call it the right of people to have the government they desire. I am not afraid of the reply that this is just what Ulster wants for itself, for that is just what I am going to propose that Ulster should have. But this government is not content to give to Ulster that measure of autonomy in its local affairs to which all such minorities are entitled; it is making Ulster a virtual mandatory over Ireland without responsibility.

A brief recital of the ways in which these three fundamental principles of statesmanship in dealing with Ireland are disregarded will suffice to expose the mad folly of attempting to ram the worst of all the four Home Rule Bills down the Irish throat. At the outset it mocks the spirit of Irish nationality, the symbol of which has always been, and always will be, an Irish Parliament.

In the first clause two Parliaments are set up: one for Southern Ireland, and one for Northern Ireland. Now let us examine the method pursued in partitioning Ireland. If Ireland were to be partitioned there were four possible 'Ulsters' that might have been created. Many Irishmen agree that something may be said for the temporary division of the country for all purposes, and a great deal for its permanent division for some purposes. In either case, if the Irish people were consulted about the partition of Ulster, their choice would be in the following order: the fairest and best plan would have been that of County Option; the second best the whole province; the third best the four counties of Antrim, Down, Londonderry, and Armagh,

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which have unquestioned Protestant majorities; the fourth and worst, these four counties with Tyrone and Fermanagh, which on a plebiscite would both vote themselves under a Dublin Parliament, coerced into the new Ulster which will ever have to wear its inverted commas. This last plan the government has adopted. I will not now discuss the reasons for the government's decision in this matter, as it would only raise an angry controversy between two sections of Irishmen who, I am sanguine enough to hope, will before long be given an opportunity to meet in friendly conference and to decide the matter for themselves.

In the second clause we come to the All-Ireland Institution, which is to take the place of the National Parliament, to be legislated away. This monstrosity is to consist of a President appointed by His Majesty — that is, by the English Government — and forty persons, one half of whom must be appointed by the Parliament of the minority, the other half by the Parliament of the majority, before either Parliament can otherwise function. If the Southern Parliament took the trouble to be born it would probably christen itself a republic, and be immediately carried out by an indignant nurse from the Vice-Regal Lodge. Dropping metaphor, Ireland would then present, as a monument to British statesmanship, the spectacle of martial law over the greater part of the country and Home Rule in the northeast corner, the only part of Ireland which never asked for it.

Let us, however, assume for a moment that the apologists of this measure will tell us that it is only a temporary device for 'carrying on,' while men of good will in Ireland try to persuade their fellow countrymen to avail themselves of Clause 3, which is adorned with the attractive title, 'Power to establish a Parliament for the whole of Ireland.' We there find that both the Southern and the Northern Parliaments may pass identical Acts — a contingency which their composition with perverse ingenuity is calculated to prevent — setting up any Parliament they like. They may endow their bantling with their own powers and gracefully disappear. This happy consummation is to be called the Irish Union.

But now comes perhaps the most amazing provision of the entire bill. When at last we get a National Parliament we find that for the first three years it is not entrusted with the police. All governments require a police to protect the lives and property of the civil population. One wonders whether sixty thousand troops with full modern equipment will still be required to protect the civil police from the civil population. But, even when we can police ourselves, we cannot transact any important national or indeed any international business. At no period shall we be allowed to levy or collect any indirect taxation nor the income tax, which we all know is the chief head of direct taxation.

It really seems a waste of time to labor over the absurdities of the bill. No man who sat through the Convention could take it seriously and ever himself deserve to be taken seriously again if he supported it. I think it worth while to make one general criticism. The feature which sharply distinguishes this measure from all former proposals of British statesmen for an Irish settlement in this: Of nearly everyone of these proposals it might with justice be said that if they had been offered in time they might have been accepted and given a fair trial by the Irish people. At no moment in Irish history, except con-

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ceivably in the middle of the great famine, when laughter was drowned with tears, could such a scheme — which could never escape the derision of the outside world — have been commended to any body of sane opinion in Ireland. Not only will the bill not do, but its very foundations are so rotten that it would be impossible to build upon them any constitutional edifice to which the name of self-government could be applied.

We demand for Ireland all the self-government that is consistent with the prevailing ideas of military safety for this little group of islands. At the same time, we propose to deal with the Ulster difficulties as similar difficulties have been met elsewhere through the Empire, notably in Canada. We recognize the fact that propinquity necessitates a restriction, not applying to the distant Dominions, in the matter of military and naval defense; but on the other hand, when Anglo-Irish friendship is created, it should have enormous advantages to compensate for whatever disadvantage there may be in not having our own army and navy, or being allowed to entrust our defense to any country, or combination of countries, possibly hostile to Britain.

I see that Mr. De Valera, who has evidently been confronted with this crux, is citing Cuba as the precedent to follow in setting up an Irish Republic. He points out that, by the Treaty of 1903, Cuba voluntarily undertook not to allow herself to be used by any foreign power for military or naval purposes. He suggests that the Irish Republic would be quite willing to make a similar concession. The analogy does not carry us far, because nobody can compare the military importance of Cuba to the United States with that of Ireland to the now United Kingdom. I find, too, that the same treaty gives the United States power to intervene 'for the preservation of Cuban independence and for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty'; in other words, England would retain the right to occupy Ireland at any moment — a right for the exercise of which she could always plead at least as much moral justification as she can claim for her present behavior.

More essential perhaps at the moment than the details of the settlement we propose [as a substitute for the present bill] is the manner in which we suggest that it should be brought before the Irish people for their consideration, and, if approved, passed rapidly into law by the Imperial Parliament. The plan is quite simple. We tell the government that since the majority of the Irish people are not at present represented in Parliament — their principal representatives are in jail — it is quite futile to attempt to adjust there the constitutional questions now dividing Irishmen. Parliament, however, must make a firm offer to Ireland of the government that she wants, subject to the two conditions of defense and the safeguards to minorities. Therefore, let a constituent assembly of Irishmen, elected by the country on a basis of proportional representation, be immediately given statutory authority to draft the Irish constitution. It is quite certain that such a body would give to any portion of Ireland which desired it the widest measure of local autonomy, subject to national questions being within the sole competence of the national Parliament. To me it seems that this procedure would inevitably lead to the nearest approach that is possible in the circumstances to a Dominion status, and that is what we mean when we use the name.

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I am quite aware that a considerable body of opinion, having no confidence whatever in the good faith of the British Parliament, holds that any Irish constitutional convention or constituent assembly should have a working connection with the League of Nations, a proposal upon which I am quite open-minded, but it is far too complicated to deal with here. I will only mention one consideration which weighs with me personally. I dislike all outside interference; I hold that the Irish question will never be settled anywhere except in Ireland. In America, no doubt, it would be disposed of in one way; in Prussia in another. At Geneva or in Paris, it would be a chance what would be done with it; but as the case would be presented anywhere outside of Ireland, there would be grave danger of partition. It is only where Irishmen can meet together, without any outside interference, that they can prove, as the Convention [held during the war] went a long way to prove, that in friendly discussion their agreements predominate over disagreements.

[[*Vorwärts* (Conservative Socialist Daily), *February 20*]

GERMAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

AN INTERVIEW WITH A SOVIET REPRESENTATIVE

A MEMBER of our staff had an interview yesterday with Mr. Kopp, the newly appointed representative of Soviet Russia in Berlin. This gentleman, as is generally known, comes to negotiate an exchange of prisoners.

The number of German war prisoners for whose return from Russia we are negotiating is about thirty thousand. They are mostly German soldiers who were detained in the Siberian territories recently conquered by the Soviet army. Those who were in territories constantly under Bolshevist control returned to Germany long ago, with the exception of a few who elected to remain in Russia.

A much larger number of Russian war prisoners is still held in Germany — the total is estimated at a quarter of a million. To this should be added the troops of the anti-Bolshevist officer, Bermond-Avalof, who are now interned in Germany. The Soviet Government will grant these prisoners amnesty, upon their parole not to engage in counter-revolutionary agitation if they return to Russia.

However, Mr. Kopp has other questions which he hopes to negotiate, in addition to arranging for the exchange of prisoners. The latter indeed is a minor matter compared with the more important subject of resuming commerce between the two countries. Russia is in urgent need of German machinery, coal, and medicines. It would like to obtain, moreover, German specialists, administrators, and skilled workers. In return for these things, it can supply us with raw materials.

In this connection, our interviewer referred to the preparations that the Entente Powers were making for a resumption of trade with Russia, speaking particularly of the report that the English were buying up all the ruble notes they could procure in order to employ them in making their Russian purchases.

Mr. Kopp replied that that would be a business blunder. Russia did not propose to exchange its property for money. Such a policy would be folly. Neither would it consent to resuming trade on the same basis as that already arranged between the Entente and Germany. Russia did not propose to squander its substance on English cigarettes. For a considerable period no articles for personal consumption

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would be imported. The demands for railway equipment, factory equipment, and tools must be supplied first. This trade would be on a basis of bartering goods for goods. The same principles would apply to traffic with Germany. Germany would have no reason to object to these terms; and he pointed out that since the Peace Treaty had been ratified the Entente no longer had any right to interfere in commercial relations between Germany and Russia.

Referring to the opportunities for German immigrants in Russia, Mr. Kopp expressed the hope that skilled German workingmen would soon be attracted to that country, and said that a great army of unskilled laborers in Russia was merely awaiting the direction and instruction which such experts could give it. Little encouragement could be afforded to men expected to take up land as independent farmers. To be sure there are large tracts of unoccupied fertile soil, particularly in Siberia, which might be available for German colonists; but the first problem facing Russia is to revive its industries with the aid of skilled labor.

Our interviewer pointed out that Germany could not resume trade with Russia if this implied the continued interference of the latter country in Germany's domestic affairs. He remarked that only a day or two ago a pamphlet had been issued by a Communist publishing house in Hamburg, written by the Russian Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, Chicherin, and addressed to German workingmen, urging them to overthrow the present government in Germany.

Mr. Kopp replied that the German Government, on the other hand, could hardly claim to have treated the domestic affairs of Soviet Russia as a sensitive plant. Reactionary generals had been helped in their campaign against his government not only by the Entente, but also by German troops; and the counter-revolutionary armies had received constant accessions to their forces from German prison camps. Russia knew how important it was to promote and maintain friendly relations with Germany, and would think it folly to disturb such relations by undesirable propaganda. The People's Commissioners in Russia were too good followers of Marx to suppose that revolutions could be made to order. Russia must think first of its own needs, and though its leaders looked forward with confidence to a world revolution, their primary interest was the welfare of their own people; and their policies would be guided by the practical considerations which this welfare enjoined.

Concluding, Mr. Kopp said: 'On the other hand, Germany has no reason to desire the overthrow of the Soviet Republic, which is at last firmly founded in the hearts of the Russian workers and peasants. No other government that could be substituted for it would be as friendly toward Germany as the present one. Consider first of all that German Socialism would be completely isolated if an aggressive imperialist government should be restored in Russia. The Russians are the only great nation today whose attitude toward Germany is not one of exploitation and oppression. On the other hand, no other nation has the same vital interest as the Germans in the existence of a great, free, and peaceful Russia, ruled by labor. Progress is being made there in spite of all the distress which the hostility of the rest of the world has produced. Much that has been published abroad of conditions in Soviet Russia is pure falsehood. The civil war is over. For a considerable period the

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death penalty has been abolished. There is nothing to prevent Germany from adopting a policy of friendship and coöperation with Russia, and there is every motive why it should desire such a policy.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *January 25*]

A SWISS VIEW OF WASHINGTON

BY PAUL LANG

WASHINGTON is a jewel. No factory smoke pollutes its air. Its straight streets compensate by their very uniformity for their lack of variety. It is a favorite home town for rich Americans. There are whole avenues where nearly every house belongs to a high official or a Senator, or at least to a millionaire. You will observe the order in which I rank them. There are hundreds of millionaires here, but only ninety-six Senators and only nine justices of the Supreme Court.

Washington is not situated in any state, but in the District of Columbia, a federal territory, and is governed directly by Congress. It is a city of civil servants; it lies in the borderland between the North and the South. It is surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation of the warmer half of the republic, but it has the energy and vigor of the colder half. Here are great museums, wonderfully inspiring collections of art objects and ethnological curiosities and paleontological specimens. Unhappily, not all of these are on exhibition and catalogued.

Here also are magnificent public buildings peopled by an army of officials. During the war gigantic barrack-like structures were added to meet the emergency demand for office room. Those for the war and navy departments are of almost fantastic dimensions. Here one sees the greatest obelisk of the New World, the lofty monument to Washington.

Here is the home of the Pan-American Union. What is that? A wonderful white marble building where representatives of all the republics of the Western Hemisphere regularly meet under the chairmanship of the Secretary of State, around a heavy, oval, dark brown table, to discuss their common affairs and to adjust them in a spirit of good will and friendliness. Even the representatives of barbarian (*sic*) countries, like Honduras and Guatemala, adopt this method instead of employing machine guns.

Every chair bears the coat of arms of the country to which it belongs. The corridors are adorned with the busts of great American statesmen and soldiers. A fountain plays in the court. Parrots screech, and coffee trees and other tropical plants from South and Central America set off the architectural decorations with their brilliant foliage. Near the room reserved for the sessions of the Union, on the second floor, is a great Assembly Hall notable for its remarkable acoustic properties. It serves as a place of entertainment during the great public gatherings at Washington. The diplomatic representatives of any country belonging to the Pan-American Union have a right to use it for this purpose.

The windows of this great hall open upon an Aztec garden — a garden enveloped on fair evenings with a deceptive, diffused, bluish light. A little lagoon lies in its midst backed by a small temple. Images of Mexican deities are reflected dreamily in its depths.

Washington is a city of beautiful promenades. They stretch in every direction. You feel as if you would like to spend your lifetime sauntering through them. It is a city of peace and repose — a place of retirement from

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the turmoil and battle of the world.

None the less, all the conflicts of opinion in America centre here. Only you don't meet them on the street. They are fought out behind walls — behind the thick, white walls of the Capitol.

We were permitted to visit a session of the Senate and to listen to a speech by the powerful Republican leader, Borah of Idaho, and to see Vice-president Marshall presiding over that body.

The hall is dignified and dark, and people do not read their newspapers there. Alert young boys in dark blue uniforms and knee breeches act as pages instead of women as in Switzerland. They dart forward like arrows whenever a Senator beckons.

We have been told that the Senate no longer truly represents the American people. The younger generation in the United States is said to be inspired by higher ideals, by a sense of national responsibility which does not permit its members to sacrifice the welfare of the whole for the interests of the few, and which makes them repudiate the egoism of the dignified gentlemen we see below us.

But when I am told this I reflect that this is just the same talk I have heard when I visited legislative bodies in other countries.

First and foremost, one gets the impression here in this Senate that he is in the presence of real men — of men of power and vigor.

We do not leave immediately after Borah's speech, but tarry to listen to a sharp word duel between him and Hitchcock. The rules of the United States Senate permit any speaker to be interrupted by questioners. To refuse to reply would be a breach of courtesy. But at times, when the debate is lively — as happened when we were present — such interruptions become very frequent and it requires considerable oratorical art to resume the course of one's argument immediately and continue the thought in hand.

Borah is like a bear — a broad, powerful, muscular man. He is one hundred per cent American. Hitchcock is nervous; he is a Democrat, a thick and thin friend of Wilson. Borah's speech was an apotheosis of Americanism as he conceived it. He praised the men of former days — Monroe and Washington in particular. He let loose his eloquence against the League of Nations, which would place America under the tutelage of other countries, and thundered against Great Britain. The latter's policy in Persia was the occasion of a passionate parenthesis in his speech. His words resounded above all with echoes of senatorial pride and self-assertion against Wilson, who had just returned crushed from his Californian propaganda trip.

Hitchcock made rather haphazard sallies against this American-for-America-only. He was skillful, intellectual, but clearly irritated. He kept making flank attacks on the Senator from Idaho: 'I should like to ask the Senator from Idaho a question.' Senators do not address each other by name, but always as the representatives of states. Hitchcock preached universal justice and limited nationalism, accused his opponent of blindness to the new epoch in history and of narrow Americanism, and lauded the new era. He praised the New World-Order, for which such fearful sacrifices had been made, and asserted that the Union could not flinch its task of supporting this new Order. But he committed himself to a fearful contradiction by trying to represent America's entry into the League as a noble act at the same time that he de-

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scribed it as good business. No wonder one of the newspapers commented shortly afterward: 'God save Mr. Wilson from his friends!'

The atmosphere is so tense and the public takes such keen interest, that there is a young man stationed at either end of the galleries who raises his hand in a gesture of silence at every indication of a disturbance. Since yesterday, Vice-president Marshall has threatened to clear the galleries at the first attempt to applaud the speakers.

Other speakers become involved in the debate so that for a time there is a speedy give and take of questions and replies. This passes without any parliamentary result. It is typical of the proceedings ever since.

We leave the galleries absorbed by what we have just seen, and glance back at the Capitol as we depart. We ponder as we take the nearby electric car upon the remarkable similarity of political thought in America and in Switzerland — the very same problems agitating the public mind, the same phrases and the same arguments. It seems as if we men would never get together for mutual labor, but always remain distrustful and apart. But thereupon rises again in our vision the memory of the quiet, beautiful home of the Pan-American Union.

[*La Época* (Pro-Ally Conservative Daily), *February 11*]

THE MINIMUM PROGRAMME OF THE SPANISH SOCIALISTS

For two hours yesterday Fernande de los Rios, the Granada professor who is spokesman for the Conservative wing of his party, discussed the minimum Socialist programme in connection with the proposals which the minority he represents laid before the Socialist congress.

The first demand of the Conservative Socialists is the creation of a technical and economic council commissioned to study and draft legislation and administrative measures, including tax laws, designed to encourage the maximum utilization of all the economic resources of the country. At first glance this does not seem objectionable, and it appears even desirable. Such a staff of national economists is doubtless a public necessity, assuming always that it is so constituted as to perform its work efficiently, with the unity of purpose and continuity of policy that are indispensable for real results. However, the Socialist proposal does not provide these conditions. Instead it would have the technical and economic council receive the advice of the standing committees of labor organizations and scientific societies. No reference is made to the employers or to the capitalist element; and the labor committees are, in effect, political bodies, who are committed by their doctrines to employ every means at hand to promote the triumph of revolution. Consequently, no man opposed to revolution will assent to this arrangement.

The second demand of the Socialists is that the state shall take over every enterprise of a public character, not only those that perform essential services, like the railways, but also those that provide articles of luxury, like the tobacco factories. The administration of all such enterprises is to be placed under a department pompously designated 'The Public Rights Bureau,' in the administration of which the workingmen shall have a controlling voice, not because they are particularly qualified to exercise such control, but solely because they represent the labor organizations whose ultimate object we mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

So far as private enterprises are

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concerned, whether they are engaged in commerce or manufacturing, they are to be regulated by a statute in accordance with which a so-called 'professional syndicate'—and we know what Socialists and Syndicalists mean by that—will be the sole competent authority to speak for the working people in their negotiations with the employers. The syndicate will be regularly represented by a delegate, who shall enjoy the rank and authority of a factory inspector and who, with the approval of the syndicate, may appoint such sub-delegates as he thinks necessary in any shop or factory. All disputes are to be submitted to an industrial court. Last of all, the labor organizations interested shall have the right to appoint a committee to participate in the meetings of the shareholders, and to inspect the accounts of the company.

The fourth demand relates to lockouts, and would provide that any employer who ventured to withdraw from production the capital and property which he owns or controls, shall be deprived of the same, and that it shall be turned over to the workers, or more specifically to their syndicates. There is a distinction between the employees of the establishment proper and the syndicates, and no provision is made for instances where the latter take the initiative in fomenting disturbances for the purpose of attaining political ends.

The fifth plank of this platform relates to the minimum wage, which is to be fixed by special boards on which the working class is to be represented. Nothing is said about employers. The important thing is that the minimum wage is not to be measured by what is essential for existence, but by a standard of living which guarantees the worker the luxuries and refinements which he is supposed to need.

The sixth plank provides that the employers' associations shall insure their workingmen against unemployment, without taking the trouble to specify the causes of unemployment. It is not necessary for us to indicate what this signifies.

Planks seven to eleven inclusive deal with the agrarian problem, and, indeed, with the particular phases which that problem presents in Andalusia. The substance of the proposal is simply that the landlord is obligated to get the maximum product from his land. If he is unable to do this, no matter for what reasons, he is to be expropriated for the benefit of a syndicate of farm laborers. In all tenant contracts the wishes of the tenant shall be supreme. Each municipality is to be endowed with common lands which shall not be less than ten per cent of the area under its jurisdiction. These lands shall be managed by the town council and a farm laborers' syndicate. All individual estates in excess of 250 hectares of tilled land, or 500 hectares including tilled land, meadows, and waste land, even though they produce a maximum product, shall be expropriated.

But in case the proprietor cultivates all his lands in person, he shall retain his house and 250 hectares and have also the privilege of managing the communal farm organization which is to cultivate the remainder of his estate. Expropriated lands shall be managed as a coöperative undertaking directed by scientific agriculturists.

Plank twelve relates to food control. It is proposed to establish public offices with authority to fix prices and to requisition not only the food itself but also land producing food.

Three other planks deal with taxation; public schools; provisions guaranteeing freedom of the press, assembly, and association; and a fourth calls for the evacuation of Morocco.

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[*Cornhill Magazine*]

A WINTER IN THE HEBRIDES

BY GEORGE BLAKE

It is greatly to be feared that many of those good people who in dreams behold the Hebrides are, oftener than not, the victims of false imagination. They dream of stern isles — cheerless, windswept, cold, and peopled by a race of melancholics. The sheilings, they fancy, are always lone, the islands always misty. It is a belief that has been planted in their minds by half a score of novelists, several musicians, and various guide books that attract by citing repulsiveness. Argument is futile; their conviction, like the islands, are of rock. They resolutely decline to believe — for it would be the surrender of a mystical, long-cherished notion — that sunshine, prosperity, and cheerfulness are enjoyed as commonly in the Western Isles as in any other canton of broad Scotland.

I might as well admit — since this is a personal narrative — that three months earlier I was a partisan of this extreme view. Had any friend suggested that the good health I needed so much was to be found in the Isles, I should have written him down forthwith as crazy. Yet that is what someone — good friend that he was — did suggest. And I wrote him down forthwith as crazy. I did not see myself, by a long chalk, moving from the warm Lowlands to shiver in any lone sheiling of any misty isle of the Hebrides, Outer or Inner. Not likely; those Turkish shells may have injured my capacity for sleep: they had left untouched my capacity for clear, cold reasoning. No, and again, no! I protested, I argued, I swore, I defied, and all that the good friend would do was to persist in his quiet way.

In the end he prevailed, and led me, a skeptical charge, over the gangway of a steamer bound for Cara, 'just by way of an experiment.' (Let us, for the sake of peace, agree to call it Cara.) In the violent throes of the sickness that comes on discharged soldiers who travel by sea, I condemned the best of my friends to a place that is not on the maps. I told him that he was killing me, and the wretch, laughing boisterously, let drift into my hypersensitive nostrils a blast of cigar smoke.

Old soldiers never die, they say. I did not die. Far better, I lived to see Cara as it lay in the blue Atlantic under a September sun. Within two hours I had fallen in love with Cara; for better or for worse, bound by oath to dally there with the coy goddess of Convalescence.

They put me ashore in the ferry-boat, and left me on the beach to sit disconsolate on my piled luggage, as once I had sat — oh! so many years ago! — on a Wolseley valise under the grim shadow of the battered River Clyde. This end of Cara was not so very unlike Gallipoli, now that I could look back with smoke-dimmed eyes and sense with a homesick heart. That hill, with its rocky summit, was not so very unlike Seddul-Bahr, and if only these brackens were replaced by thorn bushes and the rabbit-burrows by shell-holes, why —— My reverie was interrupted by the sudden heaving be-

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neath me of my cabin trunk. The ham-like fist of the ferryman grappled with one of the leather handles.

'We'll be getting on, now,' he said in soft English, and accepting the hint, I grasped the other handle.

We got on. For one long hour, through wet bracken, over crumbling dikes, over sodden furrows, through muddy streams, we got on. In the end, they heaved me on to a cart that waited where the road began, and drove me two miles to the hotel. At the door of that hostelry they deposited me — as inert as my luggage — to be fed back to life. But what a feeding was that! Scones, good sirs, and fresh-made butter, pancakes, honey, bramble jam — and all in a profusion unknown in areas under the more direct notice of the Food Controller.

I fed well; I fed colossally; I fed preposterously. So overwhelming was the feast that only bed seemed a possible destination. And bed was in an attic that looked over the kirk to a blue, rock-studded lagoon, and over that again to the distant mainland. There is no use pretending that sleep came to me that night. It was all far too peaceful for sleep. How could any normal Lowlander be expected to sleep, lacking the lullaby of trains, tram-cars, and automatic riveters? Quite out of the question.

Dawn broke on a haggard figure that mouthed imprecations against war, medical boards, and benevolent friends. A triumvirate of practical jokers they seemed to a tired mind at dawn. I was very bitter. I rose to heights of vituperation that transcended the concentrated efforts of the massed sergeants-major of the British army. But out of anger grew the spirit of defiance. I would defy them — I would show them; I would jolly well show them. In a phrase, I would stick it out or die. Thus comforted, I rose.

There is a pathway that leads from the stackyard — for the hotel is incidentally a farm — to the hill called Creag Bhan, which is the backbone of the island. For ten minutes we follow it, and are surprised at the suddenness of our arrival at the central point between the east and west shores. Cara is so very narrow, so ludicrously narrow; you feel that, from this ridge, stones could be thrown into the ambient Atlantic. They cannot. The Marathon games have not produced a man who could throw stones from Creag Bhan into the Atlantic. Cara at this, its broadest part, measures one mile from shore to shore. At others, the inter-littoral distance is a good furlong. But it is ridiculously narrow. You feel that the next storm will be fraught with the direst possibilities.

Yet Cara is long — six good Scots miles of it from the rocks of the north to the caves of the south, and this backbone of hills runs unbroken through its entire length. It communicates such a feeling as must come upon men on the plateau of Tibet which, they say, is the roof of the world. You want to gambol along its smooth top; you want to shout; you want to sing; you want to snap your fingers at those who must live in flat places. Let me confess at once that I am a slave to these infantile practices. Put me on the ridge, and I feel like a god. I rush through the bracken; I bellow songs — soldiers' songs, love songs, ribald songs, and Hebridean songs; and sometimes I stand silent on my peak in Darien and, unlike the stout and law-abiding Cortez, place my thumb to my nose in impertinent defiance of the world.

For what a place it is! Islands lie low and blue on the seas around me. Over there to the westward is one that is treeless but fertile; to the northward see that fine, rugged one that boasts to the Atlantic of its high peaks. (There

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is a fine song about these same Bens. I should have written it myself had not the notion been developed by a Gaelic bard of the sixteenth century.) To the east there lies the dim, hazy, forgotten mainland. And between and among these islands is the sea, the green sea — green because the bottom is of pure silver sand.

Little, attenuated Cara is of itself entrancing. One side, the seaward side, is a fringe of rocks — hard, brown, wonderfully serrated, forbidding; the other, which is sheltered from the winds by the central ridge, is green and pleasant and fertile. It is an island in motley; it is therefore — even to look at from its highest point — an amusing, an enthralling island. It presents the mystery beloved of dreamers, in its rocks and cliff-lined bays, and it offers quite another picture compounded of 'bein' farms, rich fields, a planting of hazel, birch, and oak, interspersed with giant fuchsias, and the worldly interest of a pier at which a steamer calls three times weekly. The entire picture is splendidly framed by the inscrutable sea.

So much for Cara in its general aspect. Only through time and the familiarity of long acquaintance can we hope to absorb its details — such details as the Ogham stone that stands above the ancient burying ground of Kilchattan, the Pigeon Cave which shelters unnumbered hordes of sea birds, the Spouting Cave where the sea appears suddenly in a turnip field, two hundred yards from the shore, the vitrified fort above Ardailly, and the wonderland about Grob Bagh. We must dwell on the island for decades ere the brownies will leap about Cairnvickoye for our delectation. We have first to make the acquaintance of the three hundred mortals who inhabit Cara, and, after an hour on Creag Bhan, with the whole island beneath us, we have not seen one. Let us descend toward the cluster of cottages about the eastern bay — let us expand with becoming bonhomie among the prosperous farms.

Here is a likely door; a knock will be no liberty. That it is, indeed, a condescension on our part, the smiling face of the goodwife demonstrates.

'Yes, yes! He iss in. Will you not step in now? Well, well! I will send him out to you.'

You will observe the softness of the accent, the precision of the diction, and the exotic idiom. When they speak in English, these good islanders speak a foreign tongue out of deference to the stranger; they acquired the southern speech at the age of eight or thereabouts, when an all-wise Education Department insisted on regular attendance at the parish school. There is Druimachro himself to substantiate my assertion. (His surname is not Druimachro. He is tenant of the farm called Druimachro. Therefore his title in all the isles is Druimachro.) 'He iss glad to see us, indeed; and, yes, it iss fine, fine weather. The like hass not been seen for years and years. He remembers when he wass a boy another that wass near it for fineness, but yet not so good. Down in the Low Country, now——'

It is difficult to lead Druimachro, or any other islander, from the topic of weather. Nay, leading is an utter impossibility. They must be pushed. But push gently, stranger; the livelihood of three hundred souls is wholly dependent on the behavior of the weather.

A whisper of crops is sufficient. Druimachro leaves the weather with a reluctant sigh, and plunges into a dissertation on the recent harvest. You expected him to speak of sea-wrack, scythes, and Harvest Home; and behold him dogmatizing anent super-

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phosphates, American binders, and internal combustion in cornstacks! He knows all about it. He has the figures at the tips of his horny fingers. Nitrogenous elements and the mysteries of protein are child's play to him. He rains statistics. He outlines policies. He demolishes the pretensions of the Continuous Cropping School. He quotes — to the third place of decimals — the ruling freights between Cara and the mainland. He deals out shrewd blows at Lord Ernle.

Briefly, he threatens to break the heart of the stranger who was agog for traces of poetic feeling, for ebullitions of sentimentality; who looked for demonstrations of the Second Sight. Let us leave the old fraud; let us calm our troubled souls amid the rocks of the western shore. Druimachro wishes us good day, and commends to our attention the second crop of rye grass in the field by the churchyard.

Leaden-footed, heavy-hearted, and grieved, we trudge along the road. The novelists were wrong. Look at that ploughboy from whose pocket protrudes a packet of Woodbines. Bah! Scotland does not stand where she did.

But softly, good friend, softly. The day is not yet over. Did you reckon on the visitors who came, on that first night, to pay their Highland respects to the stranger? Here is Druimachro in his Sunday suit; mark the rapt manner as he leans on the butt of his long crook, and the fine deference he pays to everything you say. With him have foregathered Ardlamey, and Leim, and Tarbert, and Cairnvickoye — dear old men, they have come to bid you welcome. Druimachro has forgotten his basic slag and his albuminoids; something worthier of an islander's interest has come to cheer him up.

We talk of men and women and their loves, of clans and their quarrels, of fairies and their happy ploys, of old battles, old shipwrecks, old ways. How the fine, rich talk goes to a man's head! How the heart warms to a realization of the human kindness that haps us so securely! We are happy as we tell our stories; we follow conversational trails with the eagerness of bloodhounds; most moving, we defer to each other. It is the basis of Highland intercourse, this deference. And the rapture that comes on these men! Leim's eyes glow as he recites the love-tale of Colin and his Margot, and Druimachro — whose voice was so hard when he spoke of freights — has a tear on his cheek when it is his turn to tell the tale of Blind Aorig. A warm people, you would say — a lovable race.

These nights — for the first one has been repeated — have shown me the islander as he is; they have helped me to get to the heart of him. I see him now as the novelist saw; through the veneer, that is, through the veneer that has been laid upon him by the Board of Agriculture, progressive Factors, and a Great War. There is a Roll of Honor in the kirk that testifies to their intimate connection with this war on the human side, but it is in their superficial characteristics that its effects are most clearly seen. It has brisked them up for the passing show, and the polish is artificial. Their hearts are not in it — in the war as it is represented to the agriculturist by increased food production. Truly at the core they are an old people, a warm-hearted people, a romantic people. And I, a sophisticated townsman by birth and breeding, am yet sentimental enough to will that they remain so forever and a day.

We have viewed the island through the eye of a bird, we have met the islanders in a spirit of comradeship. Let us now take stock of the institutions. It is an inventory that should not occupy us long, for Cara is dis-

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tinguishable from the adjacent islands of Britain and Ireland by its lack of institutions.

We have, for instance, no policeman. If we had, his main function would be to sit on the manse gate, a straw between his teeth, and contemplate the Sound beyond which there are many thriving towns that offer attractions for a progressive constable. Between these spells of duty he might help Old McSporran with the potatoes. Life for a policeman would be a blank in Cara; he would mope; his soul would turn blue as his uniform.

Be it understood always that I do not insist on the impeccability of society in Cara. Far from it. Why, only four years ago we had a criminal case. It concerned an old lady, a most estimable woman, who in a moment of irritation displayed a too intimate knowledge of the irregularities in a neighbor's ancestry. The neighbor, unfortunately, was a foreigner from another isle. He laid an information, and a warrant was issued, citing the dame to appear at the Sheriff Court on the mainland. She ignored the citation. Within a week a posse of constables arrived from the county town to carry out the ends of justice. She declined to accompany them; she refused to accompany them; she dwells still in Cara unmolested, and pays her rent with laudable regularity. That, I think, disposes of any constabulary claims to a place in the life of the island.

But we have strayed toward exceptions. It is time to consider such institutions as exist.

There is the kirk. Survey the island with whatever care you please, and I defy you to recognize it in a blow of the eye. You will be forced to employ the superior intelligence of a native, and you will exclaim at the fact that what you took for an obsolescent power house or a very up-to-date barn is veritably the kirk. That square building on the hill beside the hotel is the kirk. You do not recognize the architectural period. No. It is a style peculiar to Scotland. It is post-Reformation-Heritors'-Gothic. Yet let us not complain; a thousand churches of the kind in Scotland have fostered a faith that is remarkable even to the present day, and we can see for ourselves how strong it is in Cara, how it keeps warm the hearts of a kindly people.

At ten o'clock of any Sunday morning, the male members of Cara society begin to congregate about the door of the kirk. Some sit on the low dike of the Ferry Croft, others stand picturesquely in the middle of the highway. (It is not the king's highway, but the laird's. It is three miles long.) All of them, whatever their various stances, are particularly regardful of their Sunday suits.

These Sunday suits have character. Some are of blue pilot-cloth, cut — as to the jackets — in double-breasted, sailor fashion; some — note the modern touch — are of dark gray, cut in a fashion that would pass unremarked in Glasgow. But they are all very obviously Sunday suits; the impeccable creases proclaim the fact to the world. Most have hard felt hats; most of the hats have highly distinctive contours. The elders, the slaves of tradition, wear that type of head covering which, in England, is associated with the profession of curate. And, oh! the shine on those black boots! The few women that appear on Sunday mornings are clad in a uniform of black — peculiarly sombre, lustreless black.

I repeat that this gathering takes place about the hour of ten. The service takes place promptly at half-past eleven. This is a rite; it is the weekly conference of the Cara Soviet. They are

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here to canvass, during the sole unoccupied hours of the week, the happenings of the week. Their deliberations are conducted in the Gaelic tongue. As spoken in Cara, the Gaelic tongue is of a resonant nature. These people, whose English is so soft, so caressing, are Joves in Gaelic. They bawl. For one hour and a half they have at it thunderously. The crazy tinkling of the kirk bell is only the signal for a general crescendo, and I, whose window looks out upon them, am glad when their voices rumble away through the porch of the kirk on the hill. But even then my troubles are not ended. Their vocalization is more astounding than their speech. For two hours I must listen to sounds within the holy building as of distant cannon. First there is the *soixante-quinze* notes of the precentor as he gives out the line of a Psalm, then comes the howitzer crash of the congregation's repetition. It is full-throated praise, indeed.

The English service of the afternoon is a tamer business. But, still, there are conventions to be observed, and I blush to think that I, on my very first Sunday, should have shattered these so disastrously. It seemed to me then a decorous thing to attire myself in my very best, and I did so with the best motives. It was a grave error. I was indubitably bizarre. The giggling, undisciplined retreat of the choir girls before my approach demonstrated as much. In that gray interior, with its soberly clad congregation, I showed up like the white cows in the Salano targets. The service through, my neck was hot at the thought of the island eyes that distrustfully regarded the polychromatic stranger. But so many attractive things were to be observed that I forgot them for a while.

There were the elders in a row on the bench below the little pulpit, white bearded men who held their books at arm's length and peered at them as if suspicious. There was the singing of the Hundredth Psalm that opens every service in Cara. There was the tiny wooden gallery in which the laird sat solitary, enthroned, a man apart. There was the agnostic cripple in the choir who attends the kirk only for the sheer delight that some supermen derive from the delivery of a resonant bass. There were the rare old tunes — 'Irish,' 'Coleshill,' 'Martyrs,' and the like. (Not for Cara the modern flimsies that blotch the Psalter in Lowland towns.) And there were the people, so quiet, so essentially simple, so patently devout. It is an education to mark the raptness with which they follow the simple reasoning of their kindly minister. The Auld Kirk is yet a force in Cara.

There is a second institution, more mundane. I speak of the 'fushing.' The twentieth-century Briton will not readily allow that the capture of fish is an institution. Permit me to insist that for Celts — whether by birth or adoption — the taking of lobsters and saithe is most decidedly an institution. The livelihood of three quarters of us, the very-sustenance-of-one-half-of-us, are dependent on the fish of the sea and our capture thereof. Man can exist, after a fashion, without the Church; he is defied to attempt existence without provender. Therefore, I repeat, the 'fushing' in Cara is an institution. (I adopt the local pronunciation.)

There is little science but much excitement in the taking of saithe. Come down to Leim Bay and regard us as we fish. Mark first the splendor of the bay considered as a piece of island landscape. Were ever such rocks as these that are scattered, as if from an omnipotent pouch, over the waters? Was ever sand so silver-white? Did ever caves resound to ocean's pounding as these do? Has the broad Atlantic ever

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achieved before a green so remarkable? Were ever brackens on a hillside so splendid in the sunset?

Behold, then, the people of Cara as they fish. They are distributed evenly over the sea rocks that thrust stubborn noses into the waves around the bay, and each one bears in his hand a pole of bamboo to which is attached a short line, garnished with a tawdry penny fly. With this implement, he or she flails the waters. Should nothing accrue, the fisher proceeds to dismember a crab or crumble to atoms a cold potato, and therewith besprinkle the waves. It is then the fish come in their battalions. They are lugged in as fast as the arms of man and woman can. Baskets are filled; buckets, pockets, and hats even, are filled, and the food supply of some families is secure for a month to come.

Saithe,— I hear you say,— a coarse, ungainly fish. Sir, it is admitted freely. But, out of your charity, remember these things. The saithe you spurn will, in some cases, be thankfully cleaned, and salted, and dried, and will keep from many doors in Cara through a harsh winter the ghouls of starvation; in others, they will be left to rot for a day and then, as bait in lobster pots, they will allure these creatures of the sea that are so popular in yon fine London restaurants, and that bring to Cara the little welcome doles of money. Scorn not the saithe, good friend, for he is the savior of our island.

I ask you, lastly, to have a thought for the post among our institutions. The transmission of mails, I admit, is not often the inspiration of bards, and, indeed, it is not mine to sing His Majesty's Government or the Postmaster-General thereof. Angus Macvean has the monopoly of my respect and admiration. Angus is the postmaster, pier-master, ferryman, general merchant, universal provider of Cara. When the mails come — as they do, thrice weekly — by the steamer to the pier, his office is something of a sinecure. But there are the three other days. There are the three 'north end' days. These are the days when, in winter at least, Angus assumes the rôle of viking. His it is then to do battle with the pitiless Atlantic.

From the end of the high-road, the mail bags must be carried over the mile of rough ground that impeded the progress of me and my luggage when first I came to Cara. Then the ferry-boat is pulled out to the track of the steamer. It sounds easy. But go with Angus as I once did, study the size and solidity of the boat, test the dynamic force of those waves that roll in from the northwest, and endeavor to preserve a calm demeanor when a bulky paddle-box heaves ominously over your head. These things have I done. Therefore, I respect Angus who does them thrice weekly. Only three times this winter has he failed to bring in the newspapers and the letters that keep us in touch with the world. Wherefore I respect Angus all the more. I always have the satisfaction of feeling that the penny is well spent which is gummed to those letters that drop through the slot in his shop window.

You who have borne with my frivolities so far, must now gird your loins for a combat with some paragraphs that deal with the less tangible aspects of life in Cara. There were strange new things to be observed on the island; there are to be recorded stranger and newer processes of mind resulting from contact with the novel environment. It seems to me — egotistically, perhaps, but very poignantly — that my experiences, or the psychological results of them, have a certain bearing on post-war conditions of life. My case is typical of the war; my little

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esoteric problem is one that will present itself to many others now that the war is over. I congratulate myself on having worked out its solution. Therefore, you are invited simply to bear with me a moment longer.

But, first, let me recapitulate. On August 5, 1914, Mars caught me out in the heyday of a fairly strong innings played against the examiners that guard the exclusiveness of an honorable profession. I was mobilized, trained, transshipped, landed, baptized of fire, wounded, doctored, and eventually discharged, medically unfit. These processes occupied twenty-two supremely episodic months. In the end, I was free to resume the attack on that honorable profession. The indifference of a country not too actively grateful made the earning of money a sheer necessity. I had not a reserve of strength sufficient for progress in my pre-war occupation; more important, I had not the faintest desire to return to a desk and the glaring circle of light from a student's reading lamp. Business, commerce — call it what you will — seemed to me then a loathsome business, a maculate process of money getting. If money were an essential of life, not mine to make it over Sheriff Court processes or in the musty chambers of Conveyancing Law. The idea was repulsive; actively repulsive as a pestilence. So much for the lessons learned in the University of Gallipoli.

For a year I carried on according to my altered lights. The success of the experiment was only partial. It was pleasant to know that some sort of existence could be had outside an office, but it was decidedly unpleasant to realize the editors did not yearn to read what I cared to write. The utter impossibility of freeing one's self from the economic clutch became more and more patent. (Talk of Thoreau an it please you; he lived in New England in the nineteenth century.) There was no escaping it — parents, friends, and mere acquaintances who were willing enough to excuse you for a time as a discharged soldier, began latterly to look askance at this flat defiance of the conventions. Worldly facts crowded upon me. Hang it! There was no escaping them. I wavered; I rallied; I fell; I rose again.

But those who watched could never understand; sympathetic enough, the case was beyond them. Ask not how often I read the brave old Henley's *Invictus*. Daily perhaps; but it helped me little. At the end of my year I had nearly capitulated. Life and the good things of life I loved; they were only to be bought with money; therefore, in the conventional way, I must make money. On the very steps, as it were, of the law office, I met the good friend who spoke of Cara.

Of that island you have read some superficial particulars. You know that I looked for a cheerless islet peopled by a gloomy race, and that I found a beautiful and reasonably prosperous place, and a warm receptive people. You have learned that in Cara there are none of the diversions that seduce the dweller in cities, and that few of its inhabitants have seen a train. (One old man — he could not make himself understood in English — described the working of a threshing mill as 'hellish.' But remember the wartime worldliness of Druimachro.) In this island, then, was planted a townsman, a twentieth-century soldier. In this island, among a simple people, he has achieved a certain determination for the future; freed so far as possible from the trammels of modernism, he has come to thank God for an unconquerable soul. How it has happened he does not know, but happily and gloriously it has happened. Life for him has been reduced from a hopeless, stained

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muddle to something that approaches clarity and worthiness. Even so wonderful is the effect of seeing a portion of the world and life framed by the inscrutable seal.

There is a bay at the south end of the island, named in the Gaelic tongue Grob Bagh. Among all the bays that I have seen — English, Norwegian, Egyptian, and Ægean bays — it is the most beautiful. It is at once rocky and sandy, and to screen it from the world there rises behind a fabulous amphitheatre of turf, garnished here and there with clumps of bracken that blaze in winter sunsets. Few living souls go there since few fishes go there. And I have adopted it, for its beauty and exclusiveness, as an apt confessional, a concert hall of the very finest, and a vast lecture room. Here I tell my sorrows to the sea. Here I listen to the symphonies that the Atlantic is never tired of playing. Here I deliver myself of weighty pronouncements on the art of living.

The burden of my slender philosophy concerns itself mainly with immediate things, with the manner of living an island life in time of war. I have reduced it to a formula. I know my wants, and flatter myself that these are moderate. First, naturally, I require my daily newspaper, because it tells me how fare the army and the navy in their task; as for its titbits of local news, its announcement of bargain sales, its sporting intelligence, its trivialities and sensations, the newssheet might as well remain in the city of its origin for all that it matters to a voluntary exile. Only the main stream of war interests me now, flowing in the direction of victory or the other thing. It is pleasant to be far from the eddies. The gaunt, gray shapes that sometimes pass far out on the Atlantic, and the wreckage of vessels that is often washed ashore in Grob Bagh, bring them no nearer; these are only reminders of the fact that one must concentrate on the main issue — on victory.

Next I ask for letters from my friends. Friends, mark you, and not the acquaintances who write for their dear convention's sake, or in the hope that a note from the city will 'cheer me up.' (As if I were a thing to be pitied — I who pity them!) It is astonishing to note how vision improves with distance. Among the great concourse of those with whom I mixed in the old days, the real friends are conspicuous in the ruck like sheep in a herd of goats. And from these friends only do I want to hear. Pray do not bore an islander with tattle of the latest engagement, the latest play, the latest rumor on the sugar exchange. It helps no one to learn that an evil-doer has broken the illuminated lamps before the Provost's house. Lucky Provost! is all I can say. Does it signify one whit that the annual meeting of the Golf Club will be held in the clubhouse some time in January? Just heavens, no! And again, no! say I who do not claim to be less trivially human than my fellows.

This, however, I do claim: that Cara has taught me to concentrate on essentials. To live decently and quietly and with some purpose is the essential thing. Why, in the name of reason, should my mental sky be clouded by aimless, futile things? They retard, merely, and it is fitting to progress toward some clarity and purpose.

I know that you are rating me for a haphazard, facile moralist. Keep at it, then; your spleen can hurt yourself alone. The five miles of sea that separate Cara from the mainland protect me from its bitterness, and I came to Cara to dodge annoyances of the kind. My experiment, let me insist, has been successful. I have avoided distractions. Perforce, I have concentrated on essen-

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tials. And through this concentration are my views and purpose peacefully stable. It has been a clarification, an uplifting, a confirmation. Cara has been my second university, if Gallipoli was the first. I have forgotten all about my ills and convalescence. A treaty of peace has been signed in my mind, putting an end to civil war over the question of the future. Now, I am agog for the day when I shall leave Cara and, following my own plan of campaign, grapple with the facts.

Before peace comes to the earth again there will be some thousands in need of spiritual spring cleaning of the kind. Let us pray devoutly that each one of them may find his proper Cara.

[*The National Review*]

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

BY H. C. BIRON

WORK so admirable as Anthony Trollope's can never be forgotten. It is true that literary taste is apt to be capricious, and no author is safe from temporary neglect. There have been times when superior people refused to read Dickens, and some moderns pretend they do not like Thackeray. Intolerant youth turns to strange gods, and the destruction of old faiths is part of the ritual. As regards the general public, appreciation seems to vary inversely with its atmospheric surroundings. Did not Archdeacon Grantley lock himself into his study in Barchester Close to read Rabelais? As Mr. Birrell says in his delightful essay on 'The Office of Literature,' 'Self-forgetfulness is the essence of enjoyment.' Cinderella appeals to the drudge for whom the fairy godmother never calls. One suspects that when she did and Cinderella landed her Prince, the story lost much of its savor for the royal bride.

Stories of the sea make their appeal principally to land-lubbers, the mariner preferring the detective stories of terra firma, while novels of passion, we are given to understand, are composed for the most part by elderly governesses for coeval spinsters. So in the comparative calm of the nineties the feeling was for romance. The quiet sanity of Trollope's method made little appeal, and for the moment Barsetshire ceased to be a home county. With the strain of war people found distraction in more placid literature. 'Trollope's top-hole!' a soldier wrote from the trenches, 'particularly when you have just come out of the line and wish to delete everything from your memory as cleanly as the censor deletes injudicious remarks in your correspondence.'

Trollope's autobiography, published soon after his death, without doubt damaged his reputation for the moment. It was written with the fulfilled intention that it should not be published during his lifetime. This enabled him to write with a freedom which makes the book of unique interest; but at the time it did the author harm. The public found this picture of an author in undress somewhat disillusioning.

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Trollope is one of the few people who has suffered from his virtues. Nothing could be more unjust. What does that modern genius, Mr. Arnold Bennett, say on this point? It would be unfair to call him a bourgeois Trollope, but certainly at his best his sane realism often recalls the older writer. 'There is no reason why great literature should not be produced to time with a watch on the desk. Persons who chatter about the necessity of awaiting inspirational hypersthenia don't know what the business of being an artist is: they have only read about it sentimentally.' True as this is, sentiment is often unjust, and Trollope's industry was so merciless that human nature recoiled aghast at so prodigious an example.

In the first shock of the revelation people refused to credit any work produced under such industrial conditions with literary merit, and when the author made matters worse by explaining it was merely a question of early rising (a repulsive habit peculiarly alien to the literary temperament) his warmest admirers could only bend to the storm. Still, this repellent industry had amazing results of quality as well as quantity. In all fiction no finer work can be found than the opening chapter of *Barchester Towers*, where Archdeacon Grantley is watching by his father's bedside, the dying bishop, all too conscious that his own future is in the balance. It is a masterpiece of art, a model for all time of how to do it. As for quantity, it may be doubted whether any man has ever done more in the sense of varied and actual performance than Anthony Trollope.

Most people having filled with distinction an important post in the Civil Service would have drawn their pension at sixty with a comfortable feeling of having deserved well of their country. Yet Anthony Trollope managed to write, out of official hours, forty-eight novels (and it must not be forgotten that the novels of that time were at least twice as long as the average novel of to-day), four biographies, four works of travel, and five volumes of miscellaneous writings, besides articles political, critical, social, and sporting without number. It is very characteristic to read: 'In the spring of 1871 we, I and my wife, had decided we would go to Australia to visit our shepherd son. *Of course* before doing so I made a contract with a publisher for a book about the colonies.' The labor of writing his study of Cæsar went for so little that he made a present of it to his publisher, an instance of misplaced generosity so unique one wishes it were incredible.

He remained with the Post Office thirty-three years, till 1867, and it must not be thought that he was a negligent civil servant. If anything, his official energy was a little aggressive. 'You have never permitted your other avocations to interfere with your Post Office work, which has been faithfully and, *indeed*, energetically performed.' This complimentary letter, sent him on his retirement, he characteristically treats as 'official flummery,' but a year after, when someone was wanted to negotiate a postal treaty with America, Anthony Trollope is asked to go to Washington, which shows that in saying, 'You have for many years ranked among the most conspicuous members of the Post Office, which on several occasions when you have been employed on large and difficult matters has reaped much benefit from the great abilities you have been able to place at its disposal,' there was the sincerity of future preferment. For him retirement did not imply leisure: of all his busy life the years 1867 and 1868

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were the busiest. He establishes and edits a magazine, contributing to it constantly, stands for Parliament at Beverly, writes five novels, hunts three days a week in England, establishes a postal treaty with America, besides doing work for the Foreign Office on behalf of international copyright.

Such is the result of what he says were also the two happiest years of his life. Nor does all this satisfy his insatiable energy. 'I also made an engagement with an editor of a London daily paper to supply him with a series of articles, which were duly written, duly published, and duly paid for.' Even in his old age, when he was taken on a holiday by Mr. Burns on one of his steamers to Ireland, a book has to be written all about it for private circulation. In addition to this he finds time to make himself a very fair Latin scholar and resumes the study of the classics.

It is true his industry was hereditary. His mother wrote some forty novels and a vivacious book on the manners and customs of the Americans, which after the manner of such works perceptibly widened the Atlantic. Still, to the abashed reader the wonder was not how it was done, but that it could be done at all. The explanation is simplicity itself — early rising. As a conscientious official, for the greater part of the day his time was not his own, but ten thousand words a week had to be written all the same. 'A week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart.' Fortunately, he could work anywhere, and as his duties involved a good deal of railway traveling, an ingenious desk made writing possible in a railway carriage. Wherever he went the work went too. 'As I journeyed across France to Marseilles, and made thence a terribly rough voyage to Alexandria [on important Post Office business], I wrote my allotted number of pages every day.'

With Trollope even seasickness included a literary output. 'On this occasion more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick.' But the great secret was the early start. An old servant was paid five pounds a year extra wages to call his master and make the five o'clock (in the morning) coffee. At five the punctual start, and by breakfast time the daily task was finished. Most people, if they could have found such a method tolerable, would have degenerated into a mere drudge, but what saved Trollope was he played as hard as he worked, and the severity of his method was largely adopted so as not to interfere with his play. In his busiest years he always hunted regularly, played his rubber of whist, was a well-known and popular figure at his clubs, entertained a great deal and mixed freely with the society of the day, and was a considerable traveler. He says of his hunting:

> The cause of my delight in the amusement I have never been able to analyze to my own satisfaction. In the first place, even now I know very little about hunting. . . . I am too blind to see hounds turning, and cannot therefore tell whether the fox has gone this way or that. Indeed, all the notice I take of hounds is not to ride over them. My eyes are so constituted that I can never see the nature of a fence. I either follow some one or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horsepond or gravel pit. I have jumped into both one and the other.

Short sight was not his only difficulty. 'I am very heavy, and have never ridden expensive horses. I am also now old for such work, being so stiff that I cannot get on my horse without the aid of a block or bank.' But the same indomitable spirit which conquered the difficulties under which he wrote comes to the rescue. 'I ride still

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after the same fashion with a boy's energy, determined to sit ahead if it may possibly be done, hating the roads, despising young men who ride them, and with a feeling that life cannot, with all her riches, have given me anything better than when I have gone through a long run to a finish keeping a place [this is very characteristic], not of glory, but of credit among my juniors.' It was the way these Victorian writers lived as well as the way they worked that gave their writings a spaciousness of outlook and comprehension that the modern writers with all their astounding cleverness, lack. There is a certain provincialism among the best of them. They are too often intellectual outsiders. Apart from their one particular set and experience they become priggish and ineffective. There is no general inside knowledge. They see life acutely, but do not see it whole.

The autobiography came at an unfortunate time. It was the dawn of the artistic temperament, and the irresponsibility of genius was its creed. Such theories were intolerable to Trollope. Inspiration was all nonsense. Cobbler's wax in your writing chair was much better. If inspiration did not come it was because the genius had drunk champagne the night before or smoked too many cigars. 'When I have heard such doctrine preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration.' He seemed to take a curious pleasure in comparing a writer's task with the most repulsive trades. Tallow chandlers, and even on one occasion coffin makers, are called in to reproach the halting geniuses. This feeling was in his very bones. For no writer has he such an admiration as for Thackeray. In his view *Esmond* is the finest English novel. 'Among all our novelists his style is the purest as to my ear it is also the most harmonious.'

Yet he finds Thackeray's methods of work hard to forgive. In his volume on Thackeray this spirit is always lurking. One almost detects a resentment at a success which was attained by such different and, to Trollope, almost immoral means. Magnificent as it was, would not it have been still more magnificent if the author had got up at five in the morning seems always at the back of his mind. There may be something in it. The readers of *The Virginians* might have been a little surer in their minds as to whether Mr. Van den Borsch was the father or grandfather of Lady Castlewood; and Lord Farintosh's mother might not have died in one number and enjoyed a disconcerting resurrection in the next; but what Trollope could not realize was that some gains may be dearly bought, and that for the real thing when you get it you must not grudge some form of payment; and Trollope is a little ungrateful, because it was the unbusinesslike qualities of genius that gave the precise Trollope his great chance of opening the new *Cornhill Magazine* with *Framley Parsonage*, from which moment his position as a successful novelist was assured; but then Trollope suffered a good deal from geniuses. *Once a Week* was to produce the *Vicar of Bullhampton* on July 1 in a certain year. Long before that date the manuscript was ready, with every comma in its place. Then a terrible blow fell. The magazine was under treaty to produce Victor Hugo's *L'homme qui rit*. 'This sententious French Radical,' as the outraged Trollope describes him after the blow fell, was not ready, and in consequence its appearance would clash with the Vicar's and it was suggested the English author should give way.

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This was too much. Victor Hugo was not merely in default; he was a defaulting Frenchman. 'The Frenchman had broken his engagement; he had failed to have his work finished by the stipulated time. From week to week, and from month to month, he had put off the fulfillment of his duty, and because of these *lâches* on his part — I was to be thrown over.' In the result *The Grinning Man*, as Trollope now calls the offending work, came out in the magazine, and the punctual Vicar withdraws in a dudgeon to appear in separate numbers by himself.

In reviewing his own work a few years before his death, he is distressed to find out that a Latin writer called Varro had written 480 volumes — but consoles himself by questioning their length and the reflection that there are still years of work left, years of which it need hardly be said he took full advantage. The weak spot in the system never seems to have struck him; the poor Muse, superwoman though she was, lagged at times. Some of the work became mechanical and lost its directness and actuality, his greatest gifts as a writer. If you have to write so many words in so many hours you are apt to write a good many of the words a good many times. This weakness is noticeable in much of his later work, and especially in the political novels. One has the feeling of being told the same thing rather too often, and there is a recurrent recitation of what happened a few chapters back, which at times is rather tedious.

Then the mere number of the books has interfered with his fame. In few libraries is there room for sixty-odd volumes from one pen, and no complete edition of his works has ever been attempted. The Barchester novels, his best work, have been published separately. It is quite time the political novels and a selected few of his general works were produced in uniform. Still, with all his industry, Trollope was an artist. He tried to give of his best, if at times the conditions of his work precluded it. At the height of his reputation he published two novels, *Linda Tressel* and *Nina Balatka*, anonymously, at considerable pecuniary sacrifice, in order to see whether his success was merely nominal, and one is glad to know they justified the experiment. At his best there is a real vein of genius, although he would very likely have resented the imputation; at his worst a wealth of agreeable reading. It must be remembered, as is often most unjustly forgotten in criticizing those who write — they do not do it merely to annoy critics. Trollope was a poor man, and wrote frankly for money; every sixpence he ever had he made by hard work. A modest man (his criticisms on his own books are far from lenient), he never seems to have taken his literary work seriously.

In *The Warden*, one of his best novels, he introduced the three children of Archdeacon Grantley in order to give them the personalities, caricatured, of three well-known bishops of the day, and this absurdity is emphasized so that the reader shall share in the facetiousness. The result is not very amusing, and an air of unreality is at once introduced into a masterpiece of reality. Trollope himself realized the mistake. One of the sons, Henry, is reintroduced as the hero of the *Last Chronicle of Barset*, but no one could trace any likeness between the childish caricature and the dignified Major Grantley, V.C., while the infant Samuel has passed into discreet oblivion. A similar perversity occurs in his use of names. Dr. Pessimist Anticant is not a much more subtle disguise for Carlyle than Mr. Sentiment for Dickens. Trollope himself

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was very proud of his sketch of the Old Bailey barrister in *Orley Farm* and other books—he is very well done, but it is difficult to believe he was called Chaffanbrass. Stewem and Sugar Scraps, from whom Lopez in *The Prime Minister* orders the bad dinner his unfortunate father-in-law has to pay for, recalls the humor of the backcloth in a pantomime, and if Mrs. Montacute Jones had had a shooting in Scotland called Killancodlem, I think she would have changed the name.

Labeling a coachman Hayanotes, and a tailor Kneefit, does not matter so much, but Mr. Quiverful, the poor clergyman with a large family, is an important character in *Barchester Towers*. As Mr. Henry James says in his admirable paper on Trollope, 'We can believe in the name, we can believe in the children, but we cannot manage the combination.' It would provoke an interesting contest to offer a prize for the worst name in Trollope, but Killagent for an Irish estate agent ought very nearly to win. The plain fact is that he had no feeling for names. Even when he borrows one, 'Cinqbars,' from Thackeray, he spells it wrong. The name of suggestion he undoubtedly copies from Thackeray, who is very fond of that device, and uses it with great skill, but Thackeray never makes the mistake of allowing his names to become grotesque. Even in his burlesques they are plausible, he could not have called a solicitor Bideawhile. This failing may perhaps be explained by a certain limitation in his humor. Trollope had very little sense of broad comedy. The fun of Dickens, he admits, made no appeal to him, and although he has rather a weakness for his own efforts in that line, they have one fatal defect, they do not amuse. No one had a better sense of humor than Trollope, or employed it with more effect; mellow and tolerant, it pervades all his work, but low comedy was not within his compass.

One is not surprised to hear he had a great admiration for Jane Austen. Although he worked on a broader canvas they had much in common. It is the difference between a water-color drawing and the broader brush-work of the stronger medium. But at his best there was a real vein of genius in the man. The truth about Trollope was that he was a man of genius who mistook himself for a craftsman; an artist who insisted on being a tradesman. He strikes one as largely unconscious of his own powers, and as to his genius, regarding its possession (rather as the unfortunate people who were possessed of devils) as a troublesome affair which had to be kept well in hand. His greatest gift as a novelist was his meticulous realism. No writer ever reproduced more exactly the life and habits of the well-to-do classes of his day. With his humbler folk he was not so successful. His ladies and gentlemen talk and act exactly as such people would. Even when he places them in unusual positions they never let you down. In *Orley Farm*, Lady Mason for certain reasons forges a codicil to a will. As she is a charming woman the situation is a bold one; yet it is so treated and developed that we feel as we read, that not only it might have happened, but that if it did it could only have happened in that particular way and with precisely the results that follow.

His stories are mostly devoid of plot or incident. Yet they are curiously engrossing. The people are so alive and so interestingly human that the desire to know what is going to happen next becomes imperative. It was not merely in compliment that Thackeray wrote to him, 'There was quite an

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excitement in my family one evening when Paterfamilias (who goes to sleep on a novel almost always when he tries it after dinner) came upstairs into the drawing room wide awake and calling for the second volume of *The Three Clerks.*' In *Barchester Towers* the main interest is the revolt of the Bishop against Mrs. Proudie, and yet how it holds the reader. The story of the *Last Chronicle of Barset* depends solely on whether or not an elderly and impecunious clergyman stole a check. In many hands it would have been a tedious affair, yet it is almost impossible to put the book down till Mr. Crawley is absolved, and one learns the explanation with a sensible feeling of relief. Trollope considered this his best novel. It is certainly the most remarkable instance of the author at his best and worst.

The two chapters where Archdeacon Grantley goes to interview Grace Crawley about her marriage to the son and afterwards tells his wife and discusses the Plumstead foxes with Henry could hardly be better, but the Lily Dale and Johnny Eames incidents are not so good, and the Conway Dalrymple, Dobbs Braughtons, and Van Sievers very much worse. This part of the book is only introduced as relief to the clerical passages — a relief that only the modesty of the author could have thought necessary. Whether a dissenting conventicle is or is not built outside the Vicar's gate would not seem a promising subject for a novel, but you are made to feel what it meant to the Vicar of Bullhampton and to share his relief when the disaster is averted.

In *The Warden* you are asked whether Mr. Harding is justified in drawing his salary for an office which is alleged to be a sinecure. The insight and delicacy with which Trollope deals with the matter is amazing, all the more so when one considers the robust and almost aggressive common sense of the man, but deep down in his soul there was an innate delicacy of thought which few writers have reached, and which gives their peculiar charm to his studies of English women. They are not merely charming women, but they are charmingly English — from Lily Dale to Lady Glencora, friends one is glad not only to make but to keep. Nor is his understanding of the sex confined to its virtues. Lady Euston, who lost her diamonds, is an excellent minx, and what a wonderful picture of the masterful old maid is Miss Stansbury in *He Knew He Was Right.*

Trollope, the essentially Victorian novelist, would seem to have little in common with Mr. Bernard Shaw, yet he anticipated him in recognizing that man is at the mercy of woman. All through his books she stands out, in spite of her subsidiary setting, the superman. His favorite situation is her victim driven to behaving badly in self-defense, the only and inevitable way out, as the butler explained to the young man in *Fanny's First Play.* The truth is, in these questions of sex it is often a choice of evils — the man being a reasonable animal chooses the less, the woman, irrational, resents his rejecting the greater. Trollope had a real understanding of the sex. How subtle his observation, 'There is nothing a woman won't forgive a man when he is weaker than herself.' He realized how lawless women are at heart. Lady Mason feels that she is unjustly treated by her husband's will. She forges a codicil to put the matter right. In spite of her trial and trials, one feels she would do it again if the occasion arose.

The Barsetshire stories are without doubt his best work. In these six distinct stories, with the same characters

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acting and reacting on each other in the same mellow setting, the genius of the author makes every reader feel with him, 'To me Barset has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways is familiar to my footsteps.'

The political novels had a considerable success, but compared with the others they strike one as rather wooden *Can You Forgive Her?* — the first of the series — is not a good novel. The contest between the 'wild man' and the 'worthy man' is repeated in three stories, and becomes monotonous, and the melodrama of George Vavasor does not ring very true, nor does one see why Alice requires forgiveness at all, but one would forgive her much more — indeed, almost anything — for introducing us to Lady Glencora, the best of all his women and one of the most delightful in fiction. But to be a jilt was a terrible affair in those days. It is a word now forgotten, that which it described has become a virtue rather than a fault; of all the Victorian conventions perhaps the oddest, and one that had little respect from Trollope himself. The condemnation came mainly from women, their view apparently being that having once secured a man, to let him go was an act of treachery to the sex.

The charm of Phineas Finn one has to take rather on trust. Why all the women fall in love with him is not made too clear. He is a sad philanderer at best, a sort of respectable *bel ami*, and in spite of her name and Mr. Frederick Harrison, he is very fortunate in securing Madame Goesler as his second wife. If the Duke of Omnium becomes at times a trifle tedious with his decimal coinage, Lady Glencora improves as the duchess. It is difficult to forgive the author for killing her in *The Duke's Children*. There was no impatient number of the *Athenæum* to suggest her demise. No one could be tired of her, and the book would have been all the better for her survival. Trollope shows great ingenuity in managing the scenes in the House of Commons without introducing real persons, but it is somewhat at the expense of life and color, and the fact that the measures discussed and the crises that occur have no relation to history rob the picture of the reality which his method requires. If you turn to Disraeli you feel the difference at once, although Trollope would have resented bitterly the comparison. 'In the Lower House, *Don Juan* may perhaps be our model; in the Upper House, *Paradise Lost*, tells us more about both than all Trollope's volumes. But the books are full of excellent reading, and the hunting scenes could hardly be better.

The 'Bear Garden Club' might have started yesterday, and Quintus Slide of the *People's Banner* is an amazingly intelligent anticipation of the modern journalist. 'It was a rule of life with Mr. Quintus Slide to persecute an enemy.' It will be remembered that Phineas Finn for various reasons had incurred his enmity. When the murder case is pending, Quintus writes 'various short articles with the view of showing how improper it would be should a newspaper express any opinion of the guilt or innocence of a suspected person while under trial: and he gave two or three severe blows to contemporaries for having sinned in the matter, but'— and here is the real modern touch — 'in all these articles he had contrived to insinuate that the Member for Tankerville would, as a matter of course, be dealt with by the hands of justice, and he had been very careful

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to recapitulate all the circumstances which had inclined Finn to hate the murdered man.' His leading article on Finn's reëlection to Parliament after the acquittal is a masterpiece. While pointing out that during the trial they had always tried 'to allay the feeling against Mr. Finn with which the public mind was then imbued, not only by the facts of the murder, but also by the previous conduct of that gentleman,' it protests with great dignity 'against the employment of an unfit person in the service of his country — simply because he has not committed a murder.' It's the gutter press of the day to the life. Poor Quintus lived too soon.

Trollope's lawyers are always good, and his trials have the real atmosphere of the courts, although he makes sad blunders in procedure. The trial of Lady Mason for perjury is a terrible muddle. Criminal proceedings are confused with civil; the junior counsel opens the pleadings in a prosecution; counsel take it in turn to cross-examine. Furnival, the leader for the defense, violates professional etiquette by expressing his personal belief in his client's innocence. This Trollope apparently thought was the usual practice, as he lectures the bar solemnly on its iniquity. Lady Mason sits, not in the dock, but among her friends. Still, despite these mistakes, the trial as a whole is well told.

Just as he knew the minx as well as the lady, so his cads ring true — Crosbie and Lopez are unfortunately still with us — and he is especially happy with the well-born Mauvais Sujet, reformed or otherwise, the Mungo Fitzgeralds, and Lord Chilterns, for whom he had rather a soft spot in his heart. In so indefatigable a worker it is pleasant to find a certain sympathy for the feeling that a gentleman has a right to enjoy himself if he likes, and that no one need work more than necessity requires. In the *Phineas Redux* there is an excellent illustration of Trollope's methods. When Phineas Finn is arrested on a charge of murder, he is wearing the same shirt he had worn on the night before the crime with his evening dress. The police make him change this in order to see whether there is any trace of blood upon it. The humiliation of this episode to Phineas Finn is described. No one but Trollope would have thought of an incident so trivial and yet so convincing. It is a touch worthy of Defoe himself.

But full of good matter as they are, the political novels have not the same sense of intimate actuality as the Barsetshire series. How he managed to create this intimate clerical life is one of the greatest puzzles in literature. There was nothing clerical about Trollope. He had no ecclesiastical connection. As far as one knows he never went to church. His hatred of sermons was ferocious and irrepressible. It bubbles over in all his novels. One fears his personal view of such matters was rather that of Sir Marmaduke Rowley in *He Knew He Was Right*, who 'manifestly looked upon church as a thing notoriously disagreeable.' Yet there it is: apparently all evolved from his inner consciousness. The original inspiration is said to have come from a visit to the Cathedral Close at Salisbury when he was engaged upon Post Office work. If he had opened and read all the Close's letters the thing could not have been better done. *The Three Clerks* is more or less a reproduction of his early experience in the Post Office. His admirable stories, *The Small House at Allington*, *Dr. Thorne*, and *The Bertrams*, are all the result of his experience of country life, but that special insight into a class apart has never been ex-

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plained, and can only be explained by the intuition of genius.

There is another distinction Trollope can claim. No books were ever so English. No author ever gave more exact expression of the English temperament, its sanity, its good humor, its limitations. He even does justice to its prejudices, its obstinacy, and its sense of a grievance. *He Knew He Was Right* is a prolonged tragedy of mutual misunderstanding between husband and wife, in which neither is wholly wrong, and neither will give way. His men and women are not as a rule great romantics, though Lily Dale did refuse to marry Johnny Eames. The man attracted or distracted by two and even three women is his favorite theme, while his women are apt to prefer 'the wild man' to 'the worthy man,' as he puts it in *Can You Forgive Her?*, and find out their mistake in the last volume. 'For the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there comes a moment in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any that stars, haycocks, poetry, and superlative epithets have produced,' is a characteristic passage.

His books are a real handbook to English life and character. Anyone who wants to know what English men and women were and looked like, what they thought and what they did in the Victorian era, should turn to his agreeable pages. This is perhaps why he is so popular in America, where that interest — friendly or unfriendly, as the case may be — never varies. The best appreciation of his works was written by Henry James. Nathaniel Hawthorne, as Trollope records with pride, wrote of the novels: 'They precisely suit my taste — solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting they were being made a show of.' Substituting England for earth the criticism would be almost perfect, for as Hawthorne goes on to say: 'These books are just as English as a beefsteak,' and to-day Mrs. Wharton makes the heroine of *Xingu* confound the New York highbrows by confessing she had been absorbed in a novel of Trollope's.

Trollope himself was just as English as his books, but in a different way — he was what used to be called a character. Choleric, tempestuous, but essentially an honest, kindly nature, and, above all things, human. There are few passages more pathetic than his account of that miserable childhood which is so often the price of literary success, miserable, not so much for its actual physical suffering, but for the absence of sympathy and affection for which his nature craved, and as we continue his autobiography one reads with almost delight as of the success of a personal friend, of the social success which was never better deserved or more thoroughly enjoyed. He was so English he was incapable of understanding Lord Beaconsfield's novels. All their wit and worldly wisdom was nothing to this uncompromising Briton. 'To me they have all had the same flavor of paint and unreality. In whatever he has written he has affected something which has been intended to strike his readers as uncommon and therefore grand . . . but the glory has been the glory of pasteboard, and the wealth has been a wealth of tinsel. The wit has been the wit of hairdressers, and the enterprise has been the enterprise of mountebanks.' He treats them with a desperate seriousness. 'Vivian Grey has had probably as many followers as Jack Sheppard, and has led his followers in

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the same direction.' We live in an age which is hard on the politician. Every flatulent scribbler joins in abusing men whose only crime is to devote their lives to the service of their country; one may yet live to hear the Ministers of the Crown ascribing their troubles to the pernicious literature of Lord Beaconsfield. Trollope was an anti-humbug, and like most anti-humbug men was rather inclined to think anything beyond his personal horizon was humbug. He had read *Coningsby*, and resented Sidonia. He struck him as a fantastic and absurd creature. He certainly was not the Jew that Trollope knew, so he pokes fun at the character in *Barchester Towers*. The erratic Bertie Stanhope had met in Palestine 'one of the family of Sidonia, a most respectable man' who had lent him money, but was also 'a wonderful prophet.' Sidonia, recommended to the Stanhope family, arrives at Barchester, but is neither 'uncommon nor grand.' 'The Jew did come. . . . He was a dirty little old man who positively refused to leave the villa till he had got a bill from the doctor on his London bankers.' This was not mere malice on Trollope's part, he is convinced that this was what Sidonia, apart from the Disraeli glamour, really was. He sees him as Thackeray saw Louis XIV — stripped of his tinsel. To him the *Coningsby* portrait was not merely absurd, but insincere.

It was perhaps due to Trollope's sincerity of outlook that there was little of the sensitiveness of the author about him. He did his best, and if people did not like it and said so, he did not take it much to heart. His own books he discusses with a curious detachment. On the whole, he rather under-estimates their value. This very unusual quality explains his happiness and contentment. His early troubles never soured him. Of all writers he was surely the most friendly, just as his works are the most comfortable. He lived long as a prosperous and popular figure, and enjoyed it frankly. Slightly altering his epitaph on himself as a rider, he could say without fear of contradiction of his life as a whole: 'I have gone through a long run to the finish, keeping a place sometimes of glory, always of credit.'

[*The New Statesman*]

THE BARREL ORGAN IN THE RAIN

BY W. J. TURNER

It is not always in concert halls that one has the most delightful musical experiences — hardly ever, some would even say; but I do not go so far as that. None the less, everyone who has any instinct for music will remember chance occasions when some song or instrumental air, heard, almost accidentally, at some friend's house or, in some countries happier in this respect than our own, in the street has made a vivid impression that remains in the memory long after we have completely forgotten the recitals of an Elena Gerhardt, a Paderewski, or a Kreisler.

I remember when quite a boy that by some freak of fortune Paderewski came to my native town for the first time; my mother, wishing me to hear the famous pianist, procured me one seat at what appeared to me — and for our part of the world actually was — an enormous price. At any rate, I went alone, considerably affected by a consciousness that in being there at all I was rather 'going the pace.' My seat was very near to the great man, and I remember how his hands trembled and how nervously he clasped his knees. I also remember being more excited by his face than by

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his playing. He played first of all something by Bach — very likely a prelude and fugue — and then a Beethoven sonata; the rest of his programme I have forgotten.

I do not think I was in the least moved by the music, but I returned home in a state of great excitement, and with a feeling that the concert was an event in my life that ought in some way to be celebrated, and that the presence of such a great man in our town must be brought to the notice of the inmates of the house who should not be allowed to pass away into sleep that night as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Accordingly, I crept round to the back of the house and rummaged about in a shed until I had found — what is unknown in this country — an old kerosene tin. Taking a stick, I then marched into the house, beating the kerosene tin for all I was worth.

Now, musically, this event meant nothing, or very little, to me. I had been often far more touched by the very same music I had heard that night, played by amateurs; and although this experience of the contrast in the pleasure got from amateurs and from professionals is not true of orchestral concerts, it is especially true of singers, for I do not remember ever hearing a professional singer before I was twenty who gave me any pleasure at all. I believe this is a common experience. It is due partly to the fact that in Anglo-Saxon (and to a lesser degree one might almost include German) countries professional singers have no feeling for music whatever. They are simply the possessors of voices that have a marketable value, and they hire out their voices to concert givers and to music publishers who need them to display their wares. They painfully acquire the minimum of technical musical knowledge necessary to enable them to sing an average ballad, or to take part in the half dozen oratorios that are the staple musical diet of large masses of the population. They meet the average church organist on the common ground of complete insensibility and almost complete ignorance. They are far more illiterate than the ordinary dock laborer, and their vanity has to be encountered to be believed.

These wretches — I could name a lot of them if the law of libel permitted one such an artistic luxury — are even to this day, in spite of the great improvement that has taken place in England during the last ten or fifteen years, going up and down London, the provinces, and the suburbs singing and spoiling the taste of the people. Their mainstay and sheet anchor is human sentimentality — the sentimentality of people who have had no opportunity to learn to appreciate finer qualities, but who, if left alone, would perhaps get out of the trough of sloppy emotionalism in which the modern urban population wallows.

For years, whatever singing I heard worth the hearing was from amateurs, and from them I heard, before I was eighteen, nearly all Schubert's songs, and a great number of other German *lieder*, which, until I went to Germany, I had never heard from the concert platform at all. One of my most pleasurable recollections is that of going suddenly into a drawing room where someone was singing Schubert's 'Wohin.' It was one of those exquisite moments when we are by some happy combination of physical and spiritual health extraordinarily alive, and for both singer and listener the music, though familiar, had a beauty which they had never felt so intensely before. I have never heard 'Wohin' sung since either in public or by an amateur, but it is one of those melodies that I can

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always recall at will. The singing of amateurs is, as a whole, on a far higher level than professional singing, and in speaking of amateurs I am thinking of musical amateurs, not of the people who go to ballad concerts and buy the last song about roses to take home and strum upon the piano, although I should imagine that their interpretation by their own fireside had merits unknown to, and beyond the capacity of, the professional singer to whom the song was dedicated.

In Latin countries, however, the art of singing has never been lost by the people. I believe that of all European countries Spain is the most wonderful in this respect, but I have never been there, and English musicians as a whole know very little about the academic music of Spain and practically nothing about the popular music. As for ancient Spanish music, I do not think I am far wrong in saying that it is absolutely unknown — which is hardly surprising when we consider that 70 per cent of the works of our greatest and most famous English composer, Purcell, are unknown to musicians. His *Fairy Queen*, for instance, which was given at Cambridge from February 9 to February 14, with Mr. Clive Carey as producer and Dr. Rootham as conductor, had not been performed since 1693. There are four volumes of his harpsichord works edited by Mr. William Barclay Squire, — never played except by amateurs like Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse,— and I forget how many volumes the Purcell Society has published, all of which, however, appear to be totally ignored by the professional musicians who give concerts. However, that is by the way, and only illustrative of how immeasurably more important the amateur in music is than the concert-giving artist who is so much more in the limelight.

In Italy, of course, you may still hear plenty of good singing, even in the streets, and I dare say it would be possible to hear to-day, in parts of the country, many of those wonderful old Italian folk songs which Madame Geni Sadero has spent her life collecting. Although I once walked through a large part of Central Italy, it was never my good fortune to come across any old folk songs, but I must confess that they were not the object of my tour. I do remember, however, going into an old wine cellar with walls about fifteen feet thick in a small town in a little frequented part of the country and suddenly hearing, to my amazement, a gramophone burst forth into the waltz from *The Merry Widow*. The gramophone rang the death-knell of folk song wherever it penetrated. There are musical critics — even good ones — who have a kindly word for the gramophone, but I have nothing for it but execration.

It was, however, in Italy that I received the most poignant musical impression of my life. A friend and I had arrived one day at Como, which we had never seen before. It was a most miserable day: one of those only too frequent days among the Italian lakes when the rain pours down as if it had set in for months. In utter wretchedness we walked along the comparatively deserted streets looking for a suitable restaurant, when suddenly, turning a corner, we heard a barrel organ grinding out Lohengrin's Narration. It is a curiously beautiful melody, but at that moment, pouring out into the empty town among hills and buildings almost blotted from our sight with the steady, down-streaming rain, it was simply marvelous. If Richard Wagner had been there to hear it he would have wept. For it had become part of the earth; it was in some wholly inexplicable sense real —

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real with that reality that all good creative art has but which we cannot always feel, and that certainly we do not feel once in a hundred concerts.

[*Land and Water*]

THE MORTAL IMMORTALS

BY J. C. SQUIRE

At breakfast, with an author more venerable, I opened a bookseller's catalogue which had just reached me from America. It contained many interesting things: manuscripts of Spaniards of whom I had never heard, early editions of old English writers of whom I had barely heard, desirable editions of the classics, this, that, and the other, and some first editions of illustrious contemporaries. I knew — I usually know as much — that I should not bother to write for anything from that catalogue, and could not pay for it if I did, nevertheless, I proceeded like a caterpillar through the items. As I turned the tenth page I had a slight shock — it was n't really surprising — at seeing six times repeated the name of my companion. He is a man of genius, and it is all quite fit and proper that the collectors of America should give, or at least be asked to give, considerable sums of money for the first editions of his books. 'Hallo,' I said, 'they seem to be paying through the nose now for your first editions.' 'Ah?' he said. 'Of course,' I went on — and I was merely stating a fact — 'the prices are nothing like so big as our grandchildren will pay.' His answer was 'Bigger —— fools they!'

There suddenly flashed on me a vision of those grandchildren — a vision, be it admitted, based on the assumption that our civilization will endure, which is not certain. I saw a spacious room with glazed bookcases, and a young bibliophile showing another his rare editions and tooled bindings. They fingered one after another, and at last they came to the first scarce work of my friend. I heard the conversation. 'What did you give for that?' 'Eighty-five pounds.' 'It's nice to have it with his signature in, knowing that he handled it. If he knew he might be consoled for the way people underrated him when he was alive.' Probably there will be such conversations. There may be a Life of my friend; the Life may include some of his intimate correspondence and alleged specimens of his 'table talk.' They will have a pretty good idea of his character and his genius, they will know his pedigree, the state of his finances, his goings to and fro upon the earth. But with their inadequate information and their incorrigible romanticism they will have no notion as to what his real daily talk was like, as distinguished from his more intense conversation.

Do we really know any dead man in his daily life? Dr. Johnson, some would say. We know his voice and his habits of mind better than most people's; but even Boswell did not take down anything unless it seemed to be a little above the ordinary level, to have some special point or value. A gramophone record of Dr. Johnson's words through a whole day would supply us with something quite new. It would also diminish a little Dr. Johnson's apparent stature. We see the great dead as larger than human because we have of them, however much we have, only a refined essence. When we do really meet an ordinary fact — such as the fact that when Mary Shelley interrupted Shelley (in the throes of composition) by asking him to fetch her cotton reel from the place where it had rolled — it stands out as something very illuminating. Meditating thus I attended a literary dinner, a regular

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dinner, one of a series that might conceivably be mentioned (for the oddest things turn up) in future literary memoirs and then in the histories. Good things were said, interesting books were discussed: but not all the time, no, not all the time. And I wondered what the meetings of the Romantics were actually like, and what those evenings at the Mermaid Tavern. We know there were great times at the Mermaid, and one in fond reminiscence said that the frequenters would put their whole souls in a jest. But other things were said, and I conceive that there *were* tracts of conversation like this:

Shakespeare: I don't think much of this fish.

Ben Jonson: The fish has been filthy the last three times.

Shakespeare: It's always like that at these places. They do you very well to start with, and when they think they've got you fixed they go off.

Drayton: The waiters are getting pretty uncivil, too. Especially that ugly brute with the squint. I distrust that man.

Ben Jonson: I'm sick of the place. It's no better than the Sun was.

Shakespeare: But is there anywhere else that we could try? Is it not better to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of?

Ben Jonson: You might leave it to somebody else to quote your works.

Shakespeare: I don't think the company has any right to complain so long as I don't quote yours.

Chapman: Oh, shut up, you two; you're always at it!

Beaumont: We never seem to be able to discuss anything properly here. The point is, can we get a better dinner anywhere else, and, if so, where?

Fletcher: At the same price, Francis.

Beaumont: Of course, Jack, that goes without saying.

Chapman: Why should n't we go to the Devil?

Shakespeare: Speak for yourself.

Ben Jonson: It's a pity you can't remember to keep your weaker witticisms for the theatre, where they seem to like them.

Chapman: The Devil really is rather a good place. Mrs. Jones is a nice old woman, and her cellar is extraordinarily good.

Shakespeare: It may be, but all I can say is that the last pint of sack I drank there nearly poisoned me. It seems to me that we'd better stick where we are. But it's a rotten place.

All: Yes, rotten!

Shakespeare: When's your new play coming on, Ben?

Ben Jonson: Oh, he says he thinks he'll get it on next week! It's a lie, of course. These managers make me sick. If he does n't hurry up I shall publish it first.

Shakespeare: Oh, I should n't do that!

Ben Jonson: Oh, we know *you* would n't! You'd never publish it at all. You'd leave it to some swindling printer to get it out, full of misprints. Personally I happen to be interested in what I write.

Chapman: Oh, for God's sake stop quarreling! You make the place a bear garden. What's the news about Spain?

Donne: Nothing doing. I saw the Lord Chamberlain yesterday and he said he'd seen old Gondomar, and he seemed very amiable. There's some talk of the Prince of Wales marrying an Infanta.

Shakespeare: It's enough to make poor old Drake turn in his grave.

Ben Jonson: Oh, you're a sentimentalist!

Shakespeare: Chuck it about; I don't mind. All I know is that the more I see of politics the less I like them.

Drayton: Nice boy, the Prince of Wales.

Beaumont (whispering loudly to *Fletcher*)*:* No wonder Drayton thinks so, considering that the kid has just given him fifty quid to help publish his rotten epic.

Drayton: I heard what you said. It's not true. it's all that Browne's doing. He's always putting these absurd stories about.

Shakespeare: Don't take it to heart, Michael; they're only pulling your leg.

Ben Jonson: Faugh! Mutton again. I don't believe they've given us anything but mutton for eighteen months.

Shakespeare: Mutton is so sheep, you see.

(*Loud howls.*)

Chapman (to *Drayton*)*:* How many lines is your epic?

Drayton: I can't tell yet, the second part is n't finished. I should think it might run to ten thousand.

Chapman: My Homer is more than that, I should think.

Shakespeare: Such long lines too. If you were being paid by the line I should advise your splitting them in halves.

Fletcher: Do you know Mary Fitton?

Donne: No; I think Shakespeare does; I've heard rather odd things about her. Don't you know Miss Fitton, William?

Shakespeare: No; I've just met her. She seemed to be rather an ass; clever, of course, but

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boring. She will insist on talking about books all the time. I met her at the Bacons'.

Fletcher (to *Beaumont*): I don't suppose there's anything in it. This town is an awful place for gossip.

Shakespeare: I say, you people, I'm awfully sorry to break up the party, but I've got to get back to Stratford by next Friday and a man has offered me a lift. I simply must get there.

(*Rises to go.*)

Donne: What's the hurry? Don't tell us you ever *do* anything at Stratford.

Shakespeare: Oh, it's a deal with a man about wool! I don't see why one should n't turn an honest penny when one gets the chance.

Beaumont: Well, just one more, William.

Shakespeare: All right, just one more, but it will have to be a quick one. . . .

I have telescoped history a little, and I have been at no pains to achieve an archaistic realism by sprinkling the dialogue with marrys, gulls, wittols, and argosies. But I dare say that is what the Mermaid was like.

[*The Athenæum*]

DRESSING UP

BY ORLO WILLIAMS

We are indebted to Miss Ethel Smyth for an admirable phrase to describe the business of 'dressing up' which is so delicious in childhood. She tells us in her recently published *Impressions* that she and her sisters adopted the word 'grandjers' for this absorbing occupation, explaining that it was a corruption from 'grandeurs,' the word affixed to the label on the package of old *robes de cérémonie* which were the wardrobe for the family's mimetic enterprises. The phrase is perfect, for what is dressing up but a corruption of the *grandeurs* of reality, and not only a corruption, but a kind of ironic comment on the substantiality of their claim to any essential grandeur? Also it expresses the uplifting emotion, the pride, of imitating in play what is practically beyond one's reach, an emotion graphically expressed by some small children of my acquaintance, who, stung by the splendor of their father's appearance in evening dress, would at bedtime stretch apart the fastenings of their vests and proudly strut the floor, exhibiting an expanse of bare chest and exclaiming with solemnity, 'Evening shirts 'havior!'

The passion for dressing up is almost universal: it has the freest play in childhood, but it extends well into maturer years: there are few of us in whom the memories of juvenile histrionic triumphs are not warm and vivid. The enchanting odor of mystery which was wafted from that old portmanteau full of faded and spangled gowns, those tattered petticoats, those ancient tights, those wigs and most inadhesive false moustaches, lives for us yet: we remember with affection the wonderful combinations of which these simple fineries were capable, and wish, perhaps, that we were but half as ingenious now in making the best of our slender and none too brilliant stock in trade. We remember, too, those moments of furtive joy when we tried on some actual attribute of a grown-up personage, a father's top hat, a mother's veil and bonnet, or a cook's cap and apron, and ran shouting deliriously, 'Look at me!' to posture in ecstasy before the nearest mirror. These august properties, which, by their authentic daily figuring in the world at large, transcended even the 'grandjers' themselves, gratified to the full that secret passion which is at the heart of all dressing up.

That secret passion is curiosity, curiosity about ourselves: it is a far deeper and more compelling motive than the instinctive desire to imitate or to be admired by others. Intrigued incessantly by the problem of our elusive selves, we sought at least by a

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process of comparison to catch a glimpse of its peculiar unity which might lurk behind any number of appearances. The clothes chosen for us by parents were not sufficiently indicative of our wonderful possibilities; how should we appear in the proper garb of other personalities? That was the absorbing question, which often led to disaster when we put it to forbidden tests. We had no idea of the transmigration of souls, but with a top hat or a bonnet and the spell of a child's imagination we could practise the transmigration of body with the most gratifying success.

The shocks, the thrills, the surprises and disappointments of the mirror — what a theme for M. Marcel Proust! It would require a too sedulous honesty in most of us to tell the truth about our looking-glass experiences. How our image beams at us in some new and fantastical guise, giving us a sense of having escaped from old bondages and of being on the brink of new experiences! It is almost ridiculous to reflect how fresh and full of unexpected bravery our old self appears when its image, clad in some new 'grandjer,' sto'en or legitimate, first ravishes our eyes.

> When I first put this uniform on,
> I said, as I looked in the glass,
> 'It's one to a million that any civilian
> My figure and form will surpass.'

Thi dressing up with visible and material garments is at its best an art, albeit not exalted, and at its worst a harmless foible; but there is another more seductive and more dangerous manner of dressing up which usually calls for an ethical judgment. Mental 'grandjers' are irresistible to some peop'e and almost inevitably deleterious. As a nation we are too little self-conscious to indulge commonly in those histrionics which depend wholly on the imitative faculty and not at all on accessories: nevertheless, there are, even in England, imaginative beings who indulge with delight in 'grandjers' of the mind. They are usual'y folk with no very decided characters, and few ambitions except to enjoy themselves or to please other people. They do not so much posture to themselves in assumed character, for the mental eye is less ecstatic than the physical in the contemplation of a dressed-up self, but they cannot resist acting before their fellows, asking not admiration of their mimetic powers, but a complete surrender to the illusion.

I have a friend called Jenkinson whose mental property room is complete. Put him among politicians, and he will gravely discuss the state of the country, yet proceed therefrom to tea with a pious and High Church aunt whose muffins he will eat with the air of a thurifer. The club smoking room before dinner finds him the man about town, all cocktails and rollicking anecdotes, while at dinner he will play the fox-hunting squire — he never rides — with his right profile, and the sparkling retailer of literary tittle-tattle with his left. He can tune himself to the bobbed heads of Chelsea as easily as to the tiaras of Berkeley Square: clergymen find him earnest, gay dogs call him a good sort: he can be rapt with poets, and jovially Philistine with stockbrokers.

Men like Jenkinson are moulded by the society in which they find themselves: they have all the actor's yearning to please, but it is their audience who gives them their part. In his old age Jenkinson will be pathetic, for his imitations will no longer charm. The range of his parts will gradually diminish as his skin tightens over his temples, and his 'grandjers' will hang ever more raggedly from his bony shoulders. If he must act to the last, it will be over a wretched pantaloon that death rings down the curtain.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

GHOST STORIES — BARRIE'S PLAY FOR THE RUSSIAN DANCERS

THE publication of a new set of ghost stories by Dr. Montague R. James is a literary event, for Dr. James has already given us some of the best ghost stories in the language. He succeeds, I think, because he never forgets the first essential of a ghost story — that the ghost be malevolent. In these days mere hauntings are insufficient to make the flesh creep. No one is really very much upset by the modern ghosts who smoke astral cigars and whistle for spectral dogs. Who does not recall the old-fashioned ghost story,— the mullioned window through which pour the fitful beams of the moon sailing through thin, ragged clouds, the midnight hour sounding on the turret bell,— the — the — Good God! the something in the room — the figure in ancient dress that takes a paper from the mahogany box and burns it amid the crumbling brands — good, honest, old tales which frightened our grandmothers half to death.

To-day, however, we take ghosts in the spirit of the Irish colonel of whom the French interpreter tells in André Maurois's charming book, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*.

'At dinner an Irish colonel remarked:

'"I am very much annoyed; during my last leave I rented a house for my family, and now my wife writes that it is haunted. The owners really ought to tell one of these things."

'"Perhaps they did not know it," said Colonel Bramble.

'"They knew it very well. When my wife went to complain, they got very confused, and ended by owning up. One of their great grandmothers has walked from the drawing room to her old bed room for the last hundred and fifty years. They tried to excuse themselves by saying she was perfectly harmless. That is possible, and I am quite willing to believe it, but it is none the less annoying for my wife. Do you think I can cancel my lease?"

'I here risked a skeptical remark, but the whole Mess jumped on me. Irish ghosts are scientific facts.

'"But why do phantoms love Irish houses more than others?"

'"Because," said the Irish colonel, "we are a very sensitive race and we enter communication with them more easily."

'And he crushed me with technical arguments on wireless telegraphy.'

There is a story by Marion Crawford about a drowned man who *would* come through the port hole of a haunted cabin, which is first rate, but I must confess that Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* takes no hold of me. Another first rate ghost story is Stevenson's *Thrawn Janet*.

The most appalling ghost story I ever listened to, I heard in a ruined house within a kilometre of the German lines. The narrator in civil life was a distinguished etcher, a really very well-known man; only the other day I discovered a series of his illustrations in a current magazine. Trench lights, sailing solemnly along on their parachutes, under dull, rain-

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swollen clouds gave a splendid touch of the theatre to the extraordinary story. The etcher had taken a villa near Florence, a pleasant villa on a hill top. For three weeks all went merry as a marriage bell, and then terrible odors, which could be traced to no source, began to infest the dwelling. They had a week of that, and then the demon, in the darkness of the haunted nights, began to reach for people's throats. There were screams, appalling scenes, and everybody packed off one morning in a hurry. The story was told as truth, and as truth we listened to it.

Meanwhile those who would have their flesh creep are advised to seek out Dr. James's volumes. A typical bit is that about the gentleman, 'who thought that his hand, hanging below his armchair, was stroking the head of his little dog. Suddenly he looked down. And as he fled he heard himself moaning with fear.'

There's the authentic note! I should advise nervous readers not to read it unless they sleep in a room with an electric switch.

BARRIE's latest for the theatre is a play for the Russian Dancers entitled *The Truth about the Russian Dancers.* The following review of the performance is taken from the *Times.*

'Karsavina threading her way on the tips of her toes over a stage strewn with Barrieisms, the *prima donna* of the Russian ballet indulgently illustrating with those toe-tips playful ironies about her own art — this is surely among the "happiest of all combinations."

'You see, once a Russian dancer always a Russian dancer, and Karsavina retains her fashion of expressing herself in pantomime and dance even in the stately home of the Veres (which stately home is oddly decorated in an Anglo-Bakst-ish way by Mr. Paul Nash). Naturally, the aristocratic dowager is disconcerted by a guest whose notion of a domestic kiss involves half a dozen preliminary pirouettes and ends with one leg high in the air. Nor can Uncle Bill approve of a lady golfer who "approaches" in a waltz and "holes" her ball with her toe. But they must forgive her, for is she not the heart's beloved of the young Lord Vere, who understands the language of the dance and knows that the dancer loves him truly? Indeed, almost before the dowager has given her consent — wrung from her by the fear of Karsavina stabbing herself with her hand, as Russian dancers do — the wedding bells ring out. The young Vere had ordered them on the chance. And, attracted by the bells, a clergyman arrives in the nick of time to unite the happy pair (the bride dancing "I will"), with, of course, a *corps de ballet* of bridesmaids.

'Then the bride retires to rest while the bridegroom confides his troubles to the maestro, who is reported by some magical arts to have "made" the Russian ballet — by magic, for the maestro indignantly repudiates the charge of being anything so trivial as an ordinary human father. It seems the bride desires a child, which must be born at once, on the spot. These Russian dancers are so impatient, says the bridegroom — "the artistic temperament, I suppose." The maestro reluctantly consents to oblige with his magic, though the outcome, he intimates, will be disaster for the lady. And so the nurse forthwith arrives, and the dowager, full of the importance of the occasion, and we see the bridegroom at once thrust into the humiliating situation of the expectant father who is *de trop* and mercilessly snubbed by every woman about the house.

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'Well, we see the baby and the mother, too, who is so much better "than can be expected" that she is able to dance while dandling her infant. Alas! the next moment we learn that she is "no more" (what did the maestro hint?) and is brought in a corpse on her bier by the attendant maidens, who dance their grief. Strange to say, the corpse rises and dances, too. "But the dead don't dance!" cries the horrified husband, and is answered by the maestro, "Dead Russian dancers do." And then the maestro rises to heroic heights and sacrifices himself for art. The dancer may come to life again if the life of another member of the Russian ballet is given for her. Who is more a member than the maestro himself? So he stabs himself with his hand, in the approved fashion, and takes the lady's place on the bier. Thus young husband and wife and child (already grown old enough to chase butterflies, of course on his toes) are left united in a scene of domestic felicity, choregraphically expressed.

'To try to put so light and whimsical a thing as this on paper is only to spoil it. Such a blend of fantasy, irony, and humor is, one need hardly say, only to be had from one man. And not for the first time that delightful man has had the happy thought of linking his peculiar charm with another charm not so rare, but equally potent — the charm of the eternal feminine eternally on toe-tip. The appropriate (but fortunately impossible) thing would be to dance one's criticism of Karsavina — who not only dances with the perfection we all know so well, but acts, collaborates in the irony and fun of the thing, with the sympathetic intelligence of the true artist.

'It would be a *gaffe* to call Mr. Arnold Bax's ballet music a "separate ecstasy," for it was always closely interwoven with the dancing, illustrating and illustrated by it, but so good as probably to be worth enjoying, on occasion, for its own independent sake.'

EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S *Mumsée*, though something of a success, has been roughly handled by the critics. The play deals with a Frenchwoman, the Mumsée of the title, who has married an Englishman. 'T. J. V.'s' review in the *Athenæum* will amuse those who may wish to follow the fortunes of the author of *Kismet*.

'In the choice of the title *Mumsée* the author has shown a certain frankness and has, to some extent, warned the audience what sort of thing to expect. It is doubtful, however, if even the hardened theatre-goer knows quite how much of the nondescript spate of tears and sentimentality is to be thrust upon him at a sitting. The present performance at the Little Theatre opens with a furore of overemphasis, the usual jokes, the usual broken English, the Dickensian tone carried to bathos which Dickens never attains, the dreary slowness of the first act, the usual inability of the English emotional actress to produce the effect of Frenchness, the heavy pathos, the sermon preached by said actress facing the audience, tears, tears, and a parody of every *cliché* of the *feuilletons:* "Men are cruel." Answer: "All the world is cruel"— thirty-five minutes of it before there comes the first gleam of real humor; and in the whole of the first two acts not enough patter to carry a second-class "turn" through its first five minutes at the Palladium.

'This is, we presume, "modern drama" as descended or redescended from Shaw and Ibsen to the earlier and possibly permanent level. There is talk of French conventions, whereupon the sweet young things are at once left *à deux* for narrative and then senti-

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mental gush; there is the Hun cad, there is the char-rming young Englishman, and Mr. Pusey has very little chance, and the curtain goes down with a tempest of applause which can mean only one of two things: either it is the last fading and hesperal flicker of British intelligence or it implies a lifelong and ineradicable devotion to Miss Eva Moore.

'The language is one's chief diversion: "Over there under those southern skies . . . the stars . . . seemed closer than ever." Alas! the critic, innocent of shorthand, has lost this and many another pearl of precious speech. "He took me out to that cursed Casino." Immortal words like these, mighty lines that Marlowe never penned, a splendor of imagery such as is known only to the faithful readers of *Sexton Blake* and *Forget-me-not*, exude from the interstices of the play, between a cinema plot and slices of kittenishness. "Divine men these who have pierced the secrets of eternity." "Well, I do so with all my heart." "So it is really true," "Yes, what a change!" "Somehow it is the sort of death one would have wished him, among his beloved treasures." There are also bits of recruiting posters.

'There is, in the trade sense, construction; that is, the author has proved his "long apprenticeship"; he shows us how to do it, the recipe being: portions of chocolate nougat with increasing frequency during the two acts, then some hysteria in the third. He flouts the economy of great art, and to screw up his heroine to the really pathetic sobs of the third act he throws his all into the melting pot: the town is being bombarded by airplanes, her eldest and belovedest son has just sold information to the Boche, he is discovered, he is r-r-revealed; his shame is made known to the super-Charles-Grandison English colonel, who takes this opportunity of declaring his hopeless but honorable passion for the respectable mother whose dear, but elderly husband is soon to be wiped out by bomb-solvent. The traitor leaps on a bicycle, which apparently the colonel cannot ride, and this daring action plus death wipes out the shame of the family.

'The acts run: 1913, Englishman's Home in France, of course it can't happen, no one has dreamed of it. 1914, July, of course it is most unexpected. 1918, the retreat. 1919, the armistice, the prayer before the crucifix (audience need not be nervous: nothing, absolutely nothing is left out), the colonel with bared head, the lovers' meeting, the pitiful wounded, even though Æschylus did spare us Agamemnon's bath towels without decreasing the tragedy of the play or making the death less real. But to the ingrained sentimentalist nothing is too sacred for presentation; there is no subject which is unfit to sandwich in between a joke about Peter the cat and a flapper's desire for caramels.

'We sympathize with the babu who said there were three sorts of plays: Comedy, tragedy, and dramedy. We now think we know what he meant; but on the whole the cast deserves a better fate than this play. If the use of language is obsolescent among us, the cinema remains; there is also the alternative tradition of the Commedia dell' Arte, and if authors wish to present simple stock figures they might return to the old custom of giving wordless scenarios, for even among monosyllabic conversationalists each human being has some trace of personal utterance, some small idiosyncrasy of diction which makes their speech real. And even a second-rate gag would be more vital than a succession of pasteboard sentences of the sort here provided the actors.'

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[*The London Mercury*]

ALMSWOMEN

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends
Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any true loves in the spring.
Long, long ago they passed three-score-and-ten,
And in this doll's house lived together then;
All things they have in common being so poor,
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise
Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich fair weather days
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
As mellows round their threshold; what long hours
They gloat upon their steepling hollyhocks,
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood and stocks,
Fiery dragons'-mouths, great mallow leaves
For salves, and lemon plants in bushy sheaves,
Shagged Esau's Hands with five green finger tips!
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.
As pleased as little children where these grow
In cobbled patterns and worn gowns they go,
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots
They stuck egg shells to fright from coming fruits
The brisk-billed rascals; waiting still to see
Their neighbor owls saunter from tree to tree
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane
Long-winged and lordly.
But when those hours wane
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,
And listen for the mail to clatter past
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast;
They feed the fire that flings a freakish light
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
Both may be summoned in the self-same day,
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
End too with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the May 's in bloom.

[*The Athenæum*]

THE FAR-OFF DAY

BY FREDEGOND SHOVE

Spring will come again;
Hot anxious wind
Shake the window-pane —
Pierce my dead mind —
Wake up the blind —
Tear the roots of trees —
Warm those ponds that freeze —
Bring anemones
To the naked glade,
Crocuses to fill
All the empty shade,
Blow the daffodil,
Call the sheep and fill
The graveyard with ghosts,
Pale and quaking hosts,
Till the living thrill.

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